



No. 285.—VOL. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6jd.



MISS KITTY LOFTUS IN "THE FRENCH MAID," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

This clever actress, who has been too long out of a bill, has replaced Miss Kate Cutler, who is on holiday.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE WEEK AT HENLEY.

After all, Henley was a success this year. There were some rumours of changes in the regulations as to house-boats, and people said the standard of competitors was not up to the average; but, in spite of these prophecies of evil, both from the athletic and social point of view, the gathering was rather better than usual. The weather makes or mars Henley, and, as the first day was rather dull, one was not surprised to hear that over two thousand fewer passengers than usual came down by rail on Tuesday. Still, the day kept fine, and those who were on the river were rather glad of the enlarged space. The authorities have improved the course by planting the piles on the Bucks side nearer the middle of the stream, and so relieving the congestion which always took place opposite the house-boats.

Among the prettiest house-boats was the *Glenfarclas*, designed and built by Taylor, of Staines, for the Messrs. Pattisons, of "Scotch" renown. The saloons, lounges, and bedrooms are large and lofty, and a novel feature has been introduced in the form of a passage down the centre of the boat, upon which all the rooms open, and the smoking-lounges at either side are luxurious as well as beautiful. Of course, electric-light is laid on everywhere, and the culinary arrangements are so good that a "week-end" on board would satisfy the requirements of even a modern

Lucullus. The chief charm of the boat lies in its rich though subdued scheme of colour; throughout, the house-boat is furnished and decorated in Moorish style, and in the spacious saloons, where the walls are hung with gold and white silks, there are many specimens of Moorish work.

On Wednesday the racing improved, the weaker boats having been pretty well weeded out on the first day, and the company was larger, but on Thursday the numbers equalled that of the two first days together. Everything was very much smarter, and the rowing (for those who had time to see it!) was of an interesting character from first to last. Howell's sculling was one of the features of the meeting, though he did not seem so fast as the record time of 8 min. 29 sec. showed him to be. First Trinity had very hard luck in being beaten by

both Leander and Eton (the latter a very fine eight), but two such finishes on the same day would have overcome any boat. What one noticed most this year was the number of umpires' launches. There were only two, of course, but they seemed to run up and down the course the whole day, and it was by no means easy to avoid being run down by one or other of them. The new *Consuta*, which is laced together with copper wire, without peg or bolt, would have been more admired if its novel points had been properly advertised. The behaviour of the boating public was very creditable; there was a good deal of playfulness, and the novice was painfully in evidence, but the course was generally kept clear.

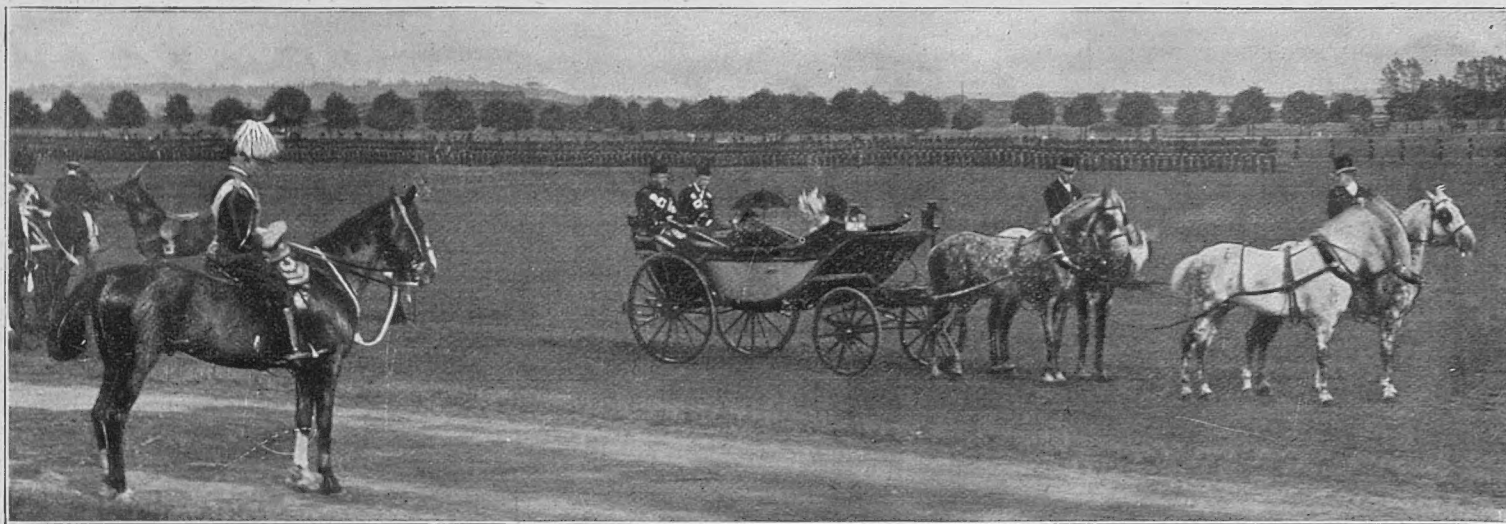


THE LINE OF HOUSE-BOATS.



THE "GLENFARCLAS" HOUSE-BOAT AT HENLEY,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARGENT ARCHER, KENSINGTON, W.

THE QUEEN AT ALDERSHOT.



THE QUEEN AND THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

The Queen has always had an interest in the Army; which at first sight seems a little contradictory to her lifelong desire for peace. She probably inherits a certain strain of militarism from her German ancestors. Curiously enough, though the Queen commands no British regiment, she is Colonel of a regiment known as the Queen Victoria's, which is now stationed at Berlin. The German Empress herself is Colonel of several regiments, including the Schleswig-Holstein Fusiliers, while her mother-in-law, the Empress Frederick, commands a regiment of Royal Hussars, stationed at Posen. The Queen-Regent of Holland is head of a regiment of Westphalian infantry, the Duchess of Connaught is Colonel of the 8th Brandenburg Infantry, while the Crown Princess of Greece has just been placed at the head of a regiment of the Guards.

Still, the Queen's appearances at Aldershot remain among the few public ceremonies which she has performed with unmistakable enthusiasm during all her life. On Wednesday she went down to the great camp and presented colours to the new 3rd Battalion of the Coldstreams, with the words—

It gives me much pleasure to present these colours to the young battalion of the Coldstream Guards here, where forty-two years ago I last addressed the Guards on their return from the Crimea. I feel sure that you will ever maintain the high reputation of the other battalions of the Guards, who have always been so closely connected with the Sovereign.



1ST GRENADIERS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

The 1st Battalion of the Grenadiers, of whom I give a picture in contrast, is on its way to Khartoum.

Next day she reviewed the troops, mustering 13,095 officers and men, or some 4000 fewer than at the Jubilee Review of last year. In this field-state a change for the better has been made. It used to tell us how many men were on guard, on fatigue, on barrack duty, in hospital, and so on. Now we have literally a field-state, the number of officers, men, horses, and guns actually on the ground, with the number of military police, dismounted men of cavalry and artillery, and infantry recruits keeping it. Deducting these, the strength on parade was 11,859, including thirty-four of the escort of the 2nd Life Guards from Windsor.

At precisely half-a-minute to five, one G on a trumpet gave notice that her Majesty's procession was in sight, whereupon the troops came to attention and Brigadiers gave the order to shoulder arms. As the procession, headed by the Headquarters Staff, entered the parade-ground, a second G was sounded, which led to the "caution" of "Royal salute." At a third G the Brigadiers ordered "Present arms," and then, as the Queen, preceded by Lord Wolseley, the Prince of Wales, in the uniform of the Gordon Highlanders, and the Crown Prince of Greece, in a General's uniform, approached the saluting-point, at which the Royal Standard was run up, the band struck up the National Anthem, and the review began.



THE QUEEN REVIEWING HER SOLDIERS AT ALDERSHOT.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

SOME CHAMPION FOXHOUNDS.

At the Foxhound Show at Peterborough last week sixty-seven couples were shown, as compared with seventy-two last year. Mr. John Watson, Master of the Meath Hounds, and Mr. J. C. Straker, Master of the

Newfoundland. It is said to have been imported into the island from Europe, and to be in no way related to the indigenous Newfoundland dog. Nevertheless, the beauty, affection, intelligence, and courage of the big white-and-black animal have won him a popularity he is unlikely to lose by reason of any accident of origin. Like the true Newfoundland, whose coat is glossy black, redeemed only, it may be, by a patch



RAGLAN AND WOLDSMAN, WINNERS OF FIRST PRIZE FOR BEST COUPLE.



THE WARWICKSHIRE PACK, FIRST PRIZE FOR BEST TWO COUPLES.



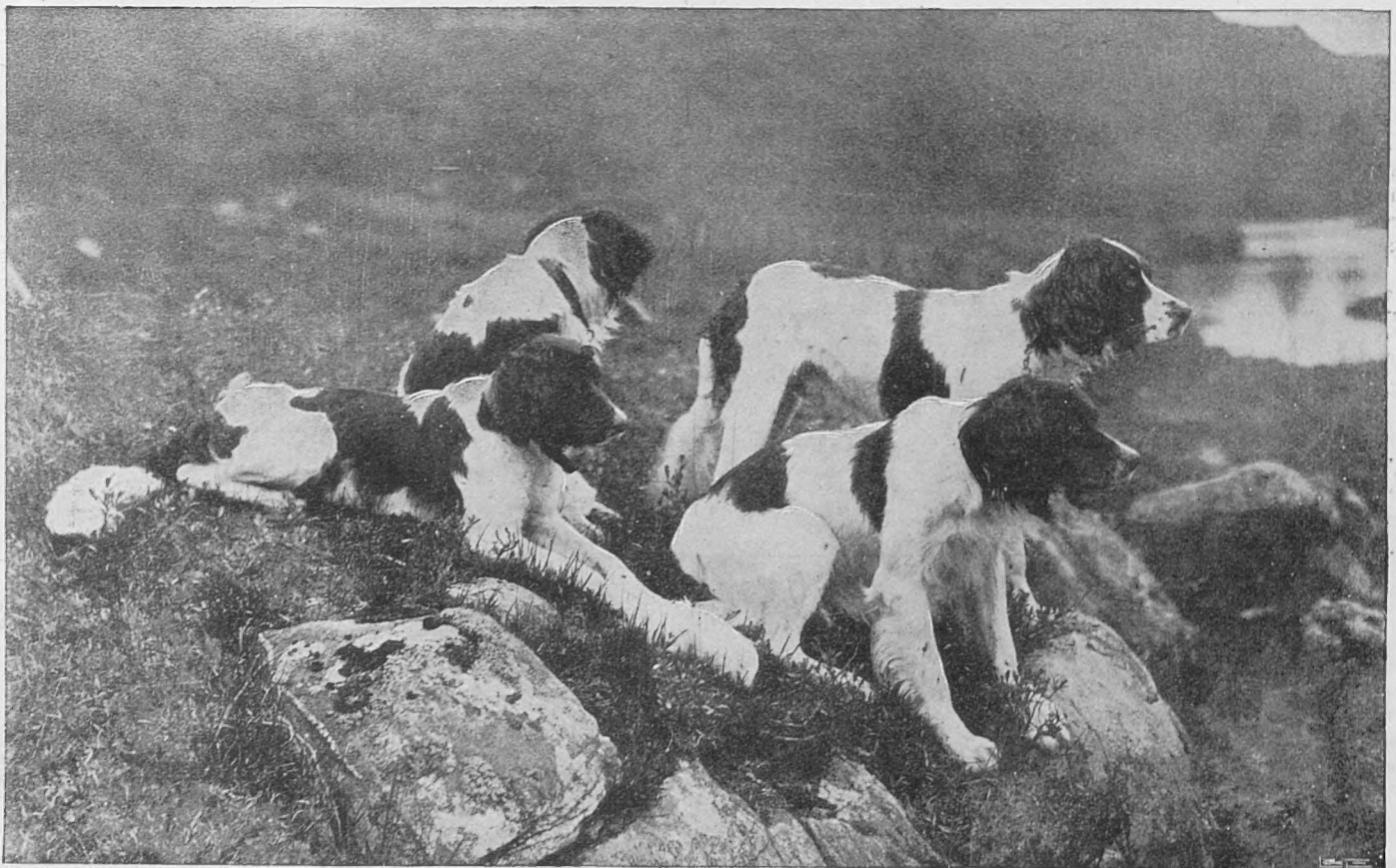
NAILOR, OF WARWICKSHIRE PACK, WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE FOR BEST SIRE.

PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE PETERBOROUGH FOXHOUND SHOW.

Tynedale, judged the dog hounds, while Lord Tredegar and Mr. W. H. Dunn, Master of the Craven, took in hand the bitches. This was practically the coming of age of the show. The installation here was due to Mr. Barford. Twenty-one years ago, when the show was finished at York, Mr. Barford brought it to Peterborough, and it was seen last week to what a great success it had attained.

As a contrast to the foxhounds, I give a capital picture of a breed which

or streak of white on the chest, these dogs seem happiest in the water, where they are so perfectly at home, and they attach quite an exaggerated importance to the privilege of carrying stick or basket. There is, or was, a widely cherished belief that Nature had encouraged the aquatic tastes of the Newfoundland by endowing him with "half-webbed" feet. This is an error, due probably to the peculiar structure of this animal's foot, which is large and spreading, a



NEWFOUNDLANDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES REID, WISHAW.

Sir Edwin Landseer immortalised as a "Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society," under the mistaken impression that it was a representative example of the Newfoundland dog. Modern authorities decline to accept the big white-and-black dog as a variety of the

result, it has been suggested, of generations of servitude in his own country, where formerly the dog performed the same functions in harness as the Esquimaux dog. I believe that nowadays it is the exception to see Newfoundlands drawing a sleigh.

The Subscription List is now open, and closes to-day, Wednesday, July 13, 1898, for Town and Country.

HARDEBECK & BORNHARDT, LIMITED.

(Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

CAPITAL - - - - £120,000

DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS—

60,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each	£60,000
60,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each	£60,000

The Preference Shares are entitled to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of Six per Cent. per annum out of the profits of the Company, and also rank in respect of Capital in priority to the Ordinary Shares.

The interest thereon will be payable on Jan 15 and July 15 in each year; the first payment will be due on Jan. 15, 1899, and will be calculated from the date of payment of the instalments.

There are no Debentures, and the Articles of Association provide that none can be issued without the consent of the Preference Shareholders by a Resolution passed at a Meeting specially convened for the purpose.

The Shares are payable as follows : 2s. 6d. per Share on Application ; 10s. per Share upon Allotment ; the Balance in one month.

DIRECTORS.
CARL J. HARDEBECK, Poulhurst, Brechly, Kent } Managing
EDWARD BORNHARDT, Paradise Row, Stoke Newington } Directors.
A. WEIL (Lindenbaum and Weil), 25, Hatton Garden, E.C.
E. W. SCOTT, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.

BANKERS.
LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, 21, Lombard Street, E.C., and Branches.

BROKERS.
JOHN PRUST and CO., 37, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

AUDITORS.
SEEAR, HASLUCK, and CO., Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

SOLICITORS.
MADDISONS, 1, King's Arms Yard, E.C.
SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem.).
E. S. MALINS, 15, Great St. Helen's, E.C.

P R O S P E C T U S .

This Company has been formed to purchase, carry on, and further develop the old-established business of Messrs. Hardebeck and Bornhardt, Wholesale Manufacturing Jewellers, and to acquire the lease, plant, stock, fixtures, fittings, tools, dies, registered designs, goodwill, and all other property except book debts connected with the business now being carried on at Rosebery Avenue. The firm has been established upwards of thirty years, and has always had the highest reputation as mounters of precious stones, and wholesale manufacturers of the more expensive classes of jewellery. The stock is all of the latest fashion, and has been carefully examined on behalf of the Directors by the well-known expert and valuer, Mr. A. Borlase Eady, of Holborn Viaduct, who writes as follows—

"28, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.; June 17, 1898.

"To the Directors of MESSRS. HARDEBECK and BORNHARDT, LIMITED.

"GENTLEMEN,—In accordance with your instructions, I have examined the stock of Messrs. Hardebeck and Bornhardt, and value it at £28,510 19s. 7d.
"The entire stock of manufactured jewellery is of excellent design, modern, well up to date, and saleable, the diamonds and gems, both mounted and unmounted, being of exceptionally fine quality. I consider it would be impossible to find a cleaner or better-selected stock—I remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
"A. BORLASE EADY."

Messrs. Seear, Hasluck, and Co., Chartered Accountants, whose connection with the Jewellery trade is well known, have examined the books, and write as follows—

"17, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., June 20, 1898.

"To the Directors of HARDEBECK and BORNHARDT, LIMITED.

"GENTLEMEN,—We have as instructed examined the books and accounts of Messrs. Hardebeck and Bornhardt, Manufacturing Jewellers, of Rosebery Avenue, E.C., and hereby certify the net profits to be as follows—

"NET PROFITS for 10 years and 8 months, ending March 31, 1898, average	£6,901 19 0 per ann.
" 5 " 8 " " " " "	8,911 0 0 "
" 3 " 8 " " " " "	12,325 4 0 "
" 1 year ending July 24, 1897, are	12,163 4 0 "
" 8 months ending March 31, 1898, are	16,082 15 4

"These figures are arrived at after charging all outgoings, except interest on capital and partners' drawings.—We are, Gentlemen, faithfully yours,
(Signed) "SEEAR, HASLUCK, and CO."

To pay 6 per cent. on 60,000 £1 Preference Shares will require	£3600
To pay 10 per cent. on 60,000 £1 Ordinary Shares will require	6000
		£9.00

It will therefore be seen that as the profits for the eight months ending March 31 are at the rate of £24,124 3s. 0d. per annum, the substantial sum of £14,524 3s. 0d. would be left to build up a large reserve fund, after paying 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, and meeting Directors' fees and other contingencies.

The large increase in the profits during the past eight months is entirely due to the opening up of a new market which is giving excellent results. The Directors believe that the business is capable of very great development, and that, although the profits have steadily increased during the past few years, there is still room for further growth.

The stock of mounted jewels and precious stones is worth £28,510 19s. 7d., and this, with the sum of £15,000 in cash arranged for under the terms of this issue, will give the Company £43,510 19s. 7d. as working capital, a sum in the opinion of the Directors amply sufficient to meet the demands of a continually increasing trade, and further the development of the large export trade which is one of the most profitable features of the business.

The management will remain unchanged. Mr. Hardebeck, to whose unrivalled judgment in the selection of precious stones much of the success of the firm is due, will continue to act as buyer, and Mr. Bornhardt, who combines in an unusual degree the technical knowledge necessary for the conduct of a large workshop with great artistic capacity, will remain in charge of the works, and design as heretofore the important and magnificent pieces of diamond work with which the name of the firm has been for so many years associated. Mr. E. W. Scott has been connected with the business for the past twelve years, and Mr. Weil is one of the best known judges of gems in London.

The staff of managers and skilled workmen who have been in the employ of the firm many years will continue to work for the Company.

The Jewellery trade is well known to be in a most prosperous condition, and shares in such few concerns as have been converted into Limited Companies are eagerly sought for.

The Articles of Association provide that, after payment of a dividend of 10 per cent. to the Ordinary Shareholders, any balance remaining shall be placed to a reserve fund until the said fund amounts to a sum of £50,000, and one-fifth of this sum will be separately invested and set aside to more completely secure the punctual payment of the Preference dividends.

The Company takes over the business as from May 13 from 11 billies, and a considerable profits have already accrued. The orders in hand are of the most lucrative character, and the workshops are fully occupied.

The supplement which accompanies the Prospectus shows a portion of work recently executed, and gives some idea of the superb combinations of jewels which are the specialty of the firm.

The Vendors have fixed the purchase price at £105,000, of which they are willing to accept in shares the largest amount allowed by the rules of the Stock Exchange.

The following contracts have been entered into—

- (1) An agreement dated the 13th day of May, 1898, between C. J. Hardebeck and E. Bornhardt, of the one part, and the Victoria Syndicate, Limited, of the other part.
- (2) An agreement dated the 1st day of July, 1898, between the Victoria Syndicate, Limited, of the one part, and Harold Chambers, as trustee on behalf of this Company, of the other part.

Copies of the above, and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be inspected by applicants for shares at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

The business will be taken over subject to all existing contracts of the ordinary trade character, with employees, manufacturers, customers, and others, but from their number and nature these cannot be specified. The Victoria Syndicate, Limited, who are the Vendors, have undertaken to pay all the preliminary expenses of the formation, incorporation, and bringing out of this Company (except brokerage) up to the first general allotment of shares.

The acquiring of the business, the guaranteeing of the necessary subscription, the advertising of this Prospectus, and suchlike matters, have entailed upon the Vendors certain contracts which may technically fall within the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867. To none of the contracts mentioned in this clause is this Company a party, and applicants for shares must waive their rights (if any) under the Companies Acts or otherwise to the insertion herein of the names of the parties and dates of the same or to disclosure of their contents. Applications for shares will only be received on this understanding.

Application will be made in due course for a settlement and an official quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

Applications for shares should be made on the forms below, or those enclosed with the Prospectus, and should be sent to the Bankers, or any of their Branches.

If no allotment is made, the money paid on application will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for the balance will be applied towards payment due on allotment.

Copies of the Prospectus, with Forms of Application for Shares, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from their Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

July 1898.

THESE APPLICATION FORMS MAY BE USED.

No..... APPLICATION FOR ORDINARY SHARES.
To the Directors of

HARDEBECK and BORNHARDT, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being a Deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share on account of Ordinary Shares in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Ordinary Shares up in the terms and conditions of the Company's Prospectus, dated July 1898, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and to pay the further instalments in accordance with the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said Shares.

Name (in full)..... (Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)
Note.—Please write Address (in full).....
very Distinctly. Description
Date.....
Signature

Cheques should be made payable to Bearer, and crossed "London and County Banking Company, Limited."

This Form, when filled up, should be forwarded, with the deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share, to the Company's Bankers, The London and County Banking Company, Limited, 21, Lombard Street, E.C., or any of their Branches.

No..... APPLICATION FOR PREFERENCE SHARES.
To the Directors of

HARDEBECK and BORNHARDT, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share on account of Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Preference Shares upon the terms and conditions of the Company's Prospectus, dated July 1898, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and to pay the further instalments in accordance with the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said Shares.

Name (in full)..... (Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)
Note.—Please write Address (in full).....
very Distinctly. Description
Date
Signature

Cheques should be made payable to Bearer and crossed "London and County Banking Company, Limited."

This Form when filled up should be forwarded, with the deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share, to the Company's Bankers, The London and County Banking Company, Limited, 21, Lombard Street, E.C., or any of their Branches.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Every day as I take up my *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily Mail* I am mightily amused by the statements regarding circulation which I find there. It is quite impossible that both these excellent journals are telling the truth. Is it not almost time that they brought it to an issue? Perhaps the *Daily Telegraph*, published at one penny, considers that it needs only to sell half as many copies as the *Daily Mail* to be equal in number to its halfpenny rival. However this may be, it may be permitted to an outsider to enjoy the sport thoroughly. Most of the London daily

papers, I understand, claim that the *Daily Mail* has not in any way reduced their circulation—that it has found a quite new public. In any case, it is the best sub-edited paper in London, by which I mean that it is the paper which most effectively and efficiently furnishes the largest number of details about events which are going on in the world. In other journals whole columns are given to single interests, to the absolute neglect of a hundred other interests. That may be precisely what the subscribers to these journals want, but it is not the art of catering for the largest number of people. In one important journal that I know of, one subject is sometimes referred to in three different parts of the paper. On the other hand, as a journal formative of opinion, the *Daily Mail* is almost valueless, as its record in the County Council Elections demonstrated. But then the proprietors of the *Daily Mail* have the sense to see that the great mass of the English public cares nothing for opinions and a great deal for facts.

LARGEST CIRCULATION
IN THE WORLD.

THE SALE OF
The Daily Telegraph
AMOUNTS TO AN AVERAGE WHICH, IF TESTED,
WILL SHOW AN
**EXCESS OF HALF A MILLION
COPIES WEEKLY
OVER ANY OTHER MORNING PAPER.**

LARGEST CIRCULATION
IN THE WORLD.

THE SALE OF THE
Daily Mail
AMOUNTS TO AN AVERAGE WHICH, IF TESTED,
WILL SHOW AN
**EXCESS OF ONE MILLION
COPIES WEEKLY
OVER ANY OTHER MORNING
PAPER.**

THE PATHOLOGY OF BOOKS.

It is true that there is no school where the remedial treatment of books is taught—where examinations are held and diplomas issued to the deserving. Yet a knowledge of the skill and resources of the book-expert makes it evident that we have here leechcraft as fine and as difficult as that of professions with a full academic warrant.

Many a volume goes into hospital with its joints cracking, its skin peeling, its complexion discoloured, perhaps even with some of its vital parts missing. It has had a past of a couple of centuries or so, and it is not unnatural to suppose that its race has run. But not a bit of it: it comes out good for another two hundred years, and its pages turn with a crisp rustle as though they came from the press but yesterday. You may examine it as closely as you please, but the secret of the transformation cannot be detected. In this lies the difference between repairing and restoring—there are examples of both in the museums: the man of feeling drops a tear over those which have been repaired.

The Winchester Shakspeare, a first folio edition, which turned up in a garret in that town a few years ago, came to the expert—it was Mr. Zaehnsdorf—"a mass of broken paper." The portrait and the title-page were missing, otherwise it was complete, if you can describe a book as complete which crumbles under the touch. The course of treatment was long and tedious, but it was justified. Though the title and portrait had to be inserted in facsimile, the book fetched £500; the doctor's bill amounted only to £40.

Facsimiles are now so highly finished that it is often impossible to tell them from originals. None the less, had there been an authentic portrait and title-page going, the owner of the Shakspeare would have esteemed them cheap at a couple of hundred pounds, and the value of the folio would have been more than proportionately increased. Of course, the cost of facsimiles depends upon the amount of detail in them; broadly, it ranges from £5 to £20. They have been greatly cheapened by the introduction of lithography. Formerly they were engrossed by hand; there are some splendid examples of this class in the British Museum, the work of one man, who, up to the time of his death a few years ago, was exclusively employed on them.

Damp, that great enemy of books, acts by abstracting the size from the paper. If allowed to have its way, it takes the leaf back to where it started—as paper pulp. If taken in time, however, destruction may be stayed by re-sizing the paper.

The labours of the bookworm are familiar to everyone who has handled old books, though very few people have seen the grub itself. Mr. Quaritch, it is said, not long ago gave a dinner to his staff to celebrate the discovery—and violent death—of a single one. The writer has had the good or bad luck to be present at an inquest on the remains of more than one hundred, which had been taken from a single volume! There seem to be several varieties of the grub, but they are all more or less allied to the larvæ of the death-watch beetle—*Annubium tessellatum*, the coleopterist grandiosely calls him. The favoured habitat of the death-watch is old furniture; this accounts for the fact that books with wooden boards are generally the first to be attacked.

Some say that the bookworm can be kept at a distance by snuff and other pungencies. The weight of evidence seems to be that the bookworm, hating to be disturbed, turns his attention only to volumes which lie unread and neglected. The moral is obvious, and, if time or taste for reading is wanting, there is still the heroic advice of one bibliophile—to lend! The collector, by the way, who cultivates only the productions of the modern presses, is safe. The bookworm is a dainty feeder; he likes his paper of the purest rag, not dressed with sulphate of copper or adulterated with wood-fibre and esparto-grass. He does not flourish in captivity; he prefers to roam at will through the pages of a Caxton, a Pynson, or an Elzevir. The process of restoration is to fill the tunnels he has bored with paper pulp, which is incorporated with the leaf by beating it with a wooden mallet.

Cleaning books of mere surface dirt is a relatively simple process. The binder's thread is cut and the book taken to pieces and washed page by page. This takes out the size as well, but re-sizing is an easy matter. But there are obscure and strange diseases which go deeper. The doctor must be a chemist as well. This reagent acts upon one stain, that upon another: for an acid an alkali must be prescribed, for an alkali an acid. Though a notable autograph adds to the value, an undistinguished one is a blemish and must be removed. As a rule, that is not a difficult matter, except in the case of one or two modern inks, which seem to have been made to last. Grease-spots of long standing are perhaps the most stubborn, but they yield sooner or later to a suitable solvent—sulphuric ether, benzine, turpentine, or naphtha.

The broken page is restored with paper of the same character and texture. There is no waste in dealing with an old book; every fragment is treasured, to be used in this way. The amount of labour that may be expended on one book may be illustrated by a single instance. A little book containing not more than thirty pages took Zaehnsdorf one hundred and eighty hours to restore. The amateur in search of a new hobby may be warned at this point to keep his hands off any volume that he values. There are few people gifted with the delicacy of touch and the rare combination of patience and taste which go to make the expert. Books that are worth the cost should be given into his care; books that are of no value will not repay the amateur his pains.

There is no hope for modern books; the quality of the paper is so poor that, with few exceptions, one can be sure that they will end, but never mend. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the printer was a craftsman, to-day he is a mechanic.

L. W. L.

Now Ready.

THE

Price One Shilling.

Illustrated London News

SUMMER NUMBER

1898.

CONTENTS.

AN INDIAN SUMMER.
By SIR WALTER BESANT.

A BALLAD.

By SHENSTONE.
Illustrated by Cecil Aldin.THE MAN WHO COULD WORK
MIRACLES.By H. G. WELLS.
Illustrated by A. Forestier.

A PASTEL.

By I. ZANGWILL.

MIDSUMMER FIRES.

By "Q."
Illustrated by Wal Paget.

AT THE SPRING.

Drawn by H. Ryland.

WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

Illustrated by Gunning King.

THE MAN AND THE MOUNTAIN

By BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

GUILLAUMETTE.

By MAX PEMBERTON.
Illustrated by Robert Sauber.

MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PLATE:

"A SWEET ARRANGEMENT."

Of all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

Office: 198, Strand, London, W.C.

SMALL TALK.

The hoisting of the Union Jack at Wei-hai-Wei must have been rather picturesque. Captain Kinghall, of H.M.S. *Narcissus*, and two Chinese Commissioners read the proclamation before a guard of bluejackets from the *Narcissus* and beneath the Chinese flag. Then the Union Jack was run up, and the two fluttered in the wind, as shown in this picture.

Is it tea on the Terrace that is leading middle-aged members to matrimony? The House of Commons has been interested to hear of the marriage of the famous questioner, Mr. Weir. In some former Sessions scarcely a day passed without a speech or a string of questions from the Member for Ross and Cromarty, but this year he has given no trouble at all to the Lord Advocate. It was supposed that his silence was due to ill-health. The real cause of it may have been preoccupation with love affairs. Mr. Weir is a heavy-browed man and speaks in a very thick voice. It is difficult to make out what he says. There is a suspicion among Southerners that the difficulty in following him may be due to Highland accent, but, as a matter of fact, he is not a Highlander; he hails from Fife. In some respects, Mr. Weir is a model member. He devotes a great deal of time to the local affairs of his constituents, corresponding with everyone who has a grievance, and assailing the Government in their interests with the tactics of the importunate widow. The manner in which he asks questions in the House is distinguished by brevity. Another member will say, "I beg to ask the right honourable gentleman, the First Lord of the Treasury, question No. 36." Mr. Weir, on being called on, merely says, "Question No. 36." Although he has often been regarded as a bore, he is by no means disliked by fellow-members; he is very good-natured and obliging. Mr. Weir is fifty-nine, and has been married before.

One of the oldest members of the House of Commons is Serjeant Hemphill. His exact age is unknown. "Dod," which ordinarily gives such particulars, is silent in his case. In a recent speech, the Irish Serjeant-at-Law referred, with a twinkle in his eye, to his "not very short life," so that the omission of the "Parliamentary Companion" to give information on the point may be due not to a lady-like sensitiveness, but to forgetfulness, on his part, of the exact year in which he was born. In one respect he occupies a unique position. He is the only member for an Irish constituency who sits on the Liberal benches. The Whig has practically disappeared from Irish politics. There are two sections of Unionists and various sections of Nationalists, but the old-fashioned Liberal survives only in Serjeant Hemphill. A Nationalist may not hold political office under the Crown, but the Serjeant, who was Solicitor-General for Ireland in the last Government, has obtained a seat through the goodwill of the Nationalists and sits on the Front Opposition Bench. Humour frequently plays across his fine old Irish face, and he does credit also to his race by his eloquence. Serjeant Hemphill deserves, indeed, to be called an orator in a House in which eloquence is out of fashion. He speaks with a fire and a fluency, with a modulation of tone and freedom of gesture, which put to shame many of the end-of-the-century young men.

With reference to my paragraph of June 22 commenting on Prophet Baxter's having taken an eighty years' lease of property in the City,

whereas the aforesaid seer has predicted the Millennium in ten years' time, a correspondent reminds me that the late Dr. Cumming, of Crown Court, also a famous prophet in his day, predicted that the world had only a month or two to last, and straightway took in at least a year's supply of coal. Perhaps the fervent divine wished to contribute handsomely at his own expense towards the general bonfire. The logic text-books, by the way, used to lay down that test of belief was action. But our prophets are above logic.

I am asked by Mr. George Armstrong, the accomplished editor of the *Globe*, to state, in reference to a line in our last issue, that that journal was in no way unfriendly to the aims of the "Press" Bazaar. The *Globe*, Mr. Armstrong assures me, had very hearty sympathy with the project, and, apart from the ordinary report of the opening of the Bazaar, which was, of course, inevitable as the Princess of Wales was present, had given the scheme considerable preliminary notice. I am very glad to publish this statement regarding the attitude of my bright and ably conducted contemporary.

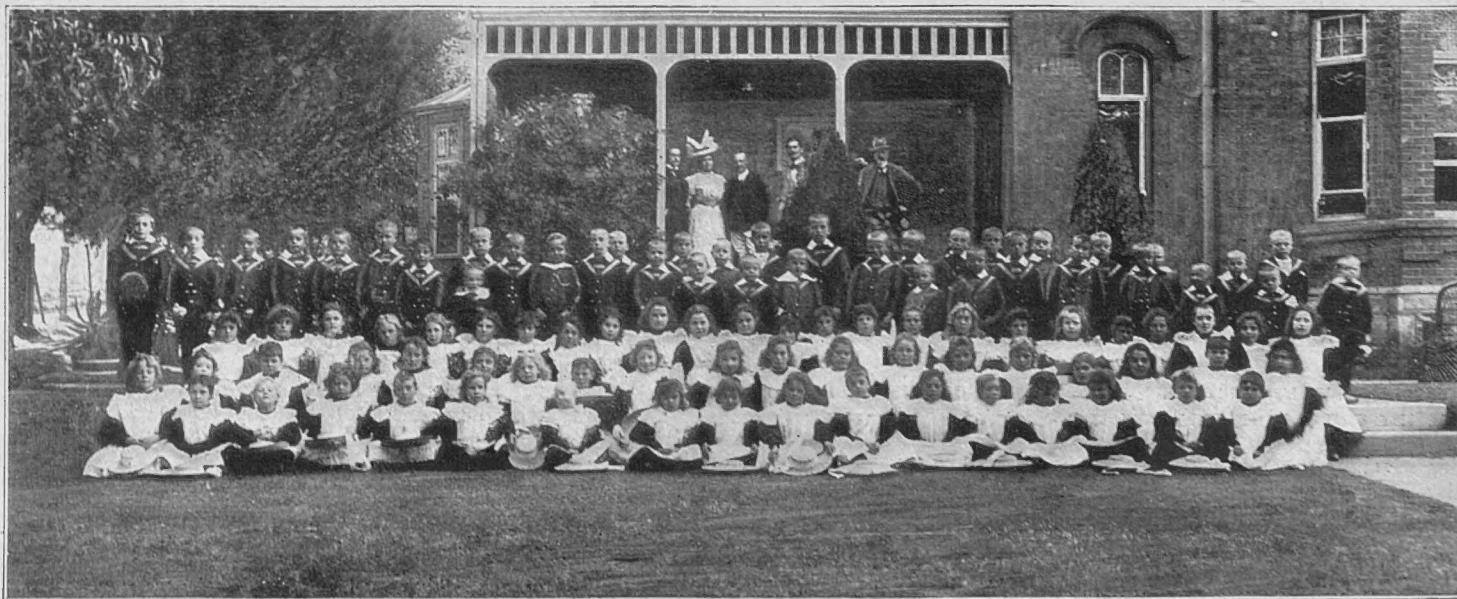


HOISTING THE UNION JACK AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

Johannesburg, as people are now beginning to understand, is not merely a city of rebel millionaires, who divide their time between drinking champagne at the most expensive club in the world, inveighing against President Kruger, and "counting their money" in the shape of dividends and stocks. Like London itself, Johannesburg is a city of great contrasts, and at this moment it is the poverty rather than the wealth of its population that is most conspicuous. Happily, if Englishmen and their wives in Johannesburg are made to feel, only too painfully, that they are in a foreign land, where they cannot claim even the rights of ordinary citizenship as they are understood in the United Kingdom, they are not debarred from the exercise of those forms of charity which are generally recognised as being peculiarly English. A benevolent lady, the wife of a gentleman who, although he was one of President Kruger's "Reform Committee" prisoners, and had to spend a weary time in

jail less than three years ago, is at the same time recognised as one of the leading citizens of Johannesburg, has organised for the benefit of the poor children of Johannesburg a series of children's parties that suggest England rather than the Transvaal. This lady, Mrs. Dale Lace, has excited general admiration in Johannesburg by the spontaneous benevolence of her action, and the *Johannesburg Times* waxes enthusiastic in describing one of the fêtes she has organised and carried out at her own expense for the relief of the suffering poor. The illustration I give was taken at the entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs.—or, as the *Johannesburg Times* more gallantly puts it, Mrs. and Mr.—Dale Lace to the children of the Nazareth Home, and my readers will notice with interest how closely this garden in the grim Transvaal resembles a similar scene in England. It is pleasant to think that in matters of charity and kindness, as well as in other things, our travelled fellow-countrymen, though they change their skies, do not change their minds, and that a graceful English hospitality is as much at home on the Rand as on the banks of the Thames.

The Marquis del Passo della Merced, who recently died in Madrid, had been the head of the old Conservative party ever since the death of Canovas. He was several times a Minister and President of the Senate.



JOHANNESBURG IS THE LAND OF GOLD, AND YET IT PALPITATES WITH POVERTY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REES, JOHANNESBURG.

Mr. G. B. Nichols, who has done such excellent service in the Somersetshire cricket eleven, has written the libretto of a semi-historical romantic opera, "In the Days of the Siege" (Taunton being "the beleaguered city"), which is now being played in the West Countree. Mr. Nichols has had for collaborator Mr. Harold Jeboult, a young musician whose score is praised by local critics.

Writing in the *National Review*, Mr. H. F. Abell says that the interests of cricket are now sacrificed to the egotism of the batsman. All he has to do is to stand at the wicket and "smack" the ball to the boundary. By this means he makes "fours" without the trouble of running. Puffed up by such a system, he becomes, in Mr. Abell's phrase, "a veritable goat" in the cricket-field. This would suggest that he "smacks" the ball to the boundary with his head. Certainly the business of a batsman is to bat and not to butt, but I should like to have from Mr. Abell a more precise definition of the behaviour of the "veritable goat" at cricket.

I have recently seen a very interesting letter, rather more than a century old, written by a merchant of The Hague to his brother in London. The gentleman who showed it to me owes a moderate but sufficient competence to the revenue derived from an estate in Holland. His great-grandfather, the writer of the letter, made a fortune rather early in life, and decided to invest it in land. At the time he had a brother living in London, and this brother advised the purchase of certain land by Goodman's Fields in the East End. The matter was discussed by letter on several occasions, and in the final letter, the one I have seen, the writer says that, in view of the general outlook, he does not place any great reliance upon English investments. "I know Holland," says the writer; "I do not know your London, and, though I know you mean well by me, I am ill-disposed to venture my all in English lands." Roughly calculating, this decision costs my friend about £80,000 a year, taking into consideration the improved values of London property. It is not easy to realise that in the year 1790 there were still pleasant fields to be seen in the East of London, and that merchant princes lived and throve in stately mansions situated in Prescott Street, Mansell Street, and Great Alie Street.

Walthamstow is one of the numerous mushroom towns which have sprung up within the last twenty years in the outskirts of London. It is one of the Eastern suburbs, and is inhabited almost entirely by working-men. All the picturesque places and old houses are disappearing to make way for shabby villas and symmetrical streets of two-storey brick houses. One of the old houses still standing, called The Winns, has just been presented to the district, along with its beautiful grounds, by Mr. Frank Lloyd and several other members of the Lloyd family. The last tenant of the house was the late Mr. Edward Lloyd, founder of *Lloyd's News* and the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Lloyd bought The Winns about forty-one years ago. The previous tenant was Mrs. Morris, mother of the late William Morris. The poet, it is stated, was born in the house. He was certainly born in Walthamstow, but another house also claims the honour of being his birthplace. The Winns has changed its name several times, and this may have caused some confusion.

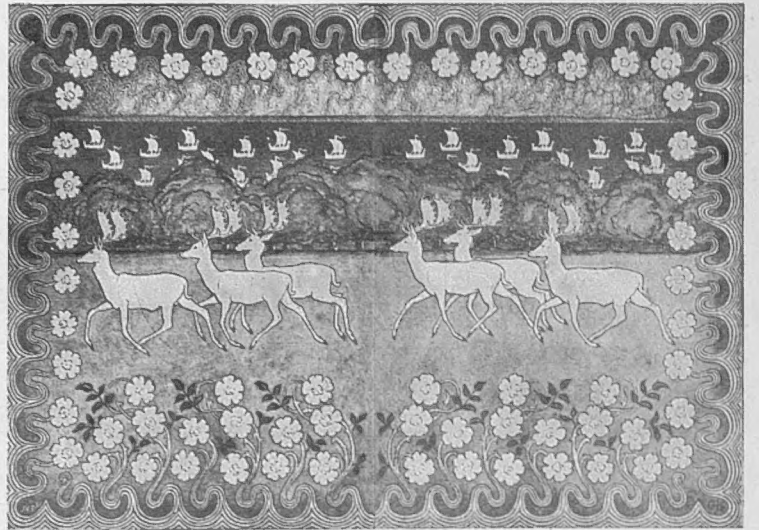
The Winns is a very good type of the solid house of the last century. It was the suburban mansion of a City merchant when it was built, and, in fact, until within the last fifty years there was open country between it and Epping Forest. It stands on Forest Road. Walthamstow had a



A MANSION AT WALTHAMSTOW WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN TO LONDONERS BY THE LLOYDS, WHO OWN THE "DAILY CHRONICLE."

number of similar mansions, including four or five manor-houses. It contains a magnificent hall and staircase, and had some mural decorations of reputed value. The grounds, about ten acres, are exceptionally beautiful, containing fine old trees, ornamental lakes, rustic bridges, and thickly shaded paths. In presenting the house and grounds to Walthamstow District Council, Mr. Lloyd made it a condition that the

Council should buy ten acres of vacant land adjoining. The house and grounds would form an ideal public park, and the adjoining land would serve as playing-fields. The combination is necessary to make a perfect recreation-ground. Needless to say, the District Council accepted the generous gift. The grounds are ready for use by the public as



A QUIANT FORM OF BOOK-COVER DESIGNED IN DENMARK.

soon as the Council thinks fit, and the house could be used as a public library or local museum. As all vacant land is soon built over in rapidly growing places like Walthamstow—it has now a population of seventy thousand—the preservation of The Winns and its grounds, "for the use of the public for ever," as Mr. Lloyd put it, is a great boon.

I have just received the new guide-book to Copenhagen, published by the Danish Tourist Society, and edited for the society by Mr. Franz v. Jessen. Accustomed as we are to badly printed, badly illustrated guide-books, where every available corner is filled up with advertisements and odious prints of ugly hotels; this booklet, entirely a product of artistic Denmark, is delightful. From the cover to the tail-piece it is beautifully printed, illustrated, and designed. The Danes have always been a highly artistic people, with great originality, and "Copenhagen" is an admirable product of their skill in design and art. It is all Danish. I think a great deal might be done in improving the *format* of books by following the plan adopted in this book, which gives credit on the back of the title-page to everybody concerned, as follows—

Cover, end-paper, headings, tail-pieces, and initials drawn by Mr. Gerhard Heilmann; illustrations from photographs by Danish photographic artists. The pictures have been reproduced by Messrs. Galle and Aagaard, Mr. F. Hendriksen, Mr. Bernh. Middelboe, and Mr. G. Pauli, all of Copenhagen. Text is translated into English by Miss Dagny Falkmann and Mr. Oskar Hausen, both of Copenhagen. Paper from the Fredericksberg Paper Manufactory. Lithographing of map, printing, and stitching by the Central Press, at Copenhagen. Edited for the Danish Tourist Society by Mr. Franz v. Jessen.

As a specimen of the work, I reproduce the paper of the inside of the cover. It is printed in grey and blue, and, in colour, looks very quaint.

Who tips club waiters? I have been making some inquiries lately on this vexed question of members of certain clubs, and have heard strange stories. The prevalence of the tip is beyond dispute, despite the penalties that must needs accompany the discovery of the procedure, although it may not be found, of course, in the very best clubs. I dined the other evening at a big political club, and my host apologised for the inordinate length of the intervals. "Truth to tell," he said, "I would rather endure any interval than tip the waiters, and many of my fellow members, who are less scrupulous, get better service." A member of another club, non-political, told me that, after trying the two methods, he found that prompt service followed a tip, and indifferent service was meted out to members who never gave the waiters anything but trouble and a Christmas-box. Beyond a doubt, the man who makes himself objectionable to the club waiters must endure many a small annoyance, and in the desire to lead a quiet life the system of tipping has entered many a club of repute, and will take hard work to uproot. It is a very unpleasant system, and yet, seeing how deeply rooted it is in the modern order of things, can one wonder if it extends to the club?

From Vancouver, B.C., comes a quaint story, for the truth of which I can thoroughly vouch. It appears that a certain Lady Blank, who has lately gone to live in Vancouver, one day entered a shop there, and ordered some goods. "Name and address?" asked the shopman. "Lady Blank," she replied, and then gave the address. For several moments the shopman scanned her up and down with a look of ineffable contempt; then, turning to his companion, he asked sneeringly, in a loud voice, "Say, does she think I'd take her for a man?" Women of title are obviously not plentiful in Vancouver.

How the world wags! The *Era* says that Dr. Hodgson, the Rector of Deptford, "had the honour of being received by Madame Bernhardt" when she went "dahn East." It used to be all the other way.

Art knows nothing of nationality. This picture proves it. We have a German pianist, Mdle. Janotha, side by side with the American novelist ("John Oliver Hobbes") and Lady Randolph Churchill, who is an excellent amateur actress. During the recent theatricals at Blenheim her ladyship figured as a lady journalist. Lady Randolph is an American also. Her son, Mr. Winston Churchill, has plenty of literary ability, as his recent book on the Frontier War showed.

How Princess Christian manages to get through her numerous engagements is a proposition that could only be solved by that most amiable and hard-worked of royalties herself. The question struck me afresh when seeing the Princess at the Rehearsal Club in Leicester Square the other day, where she came to pay a promised visit with the utmost good-humour and in no apparent haste, although I happened to know of three other engagements for that afternoon alone at which this good-naturedly ubiquitous lady was due. Lady Trevelyan, as one of the committee, received Princess Christian, Lady Louisa Magenis also. Among others present was Mrs. Tree, all grace and sinuosity in the trailing draperies she affects, a contrast being provided in the up-to-date flouncings and furbelows of Mrs. George Alexander, who doubtless owes something of her *chic* in dress to her partly French parentage.

A quaint situation was provided by the giver of a dinner-party this week, when, in due course, the astonishing announcement on each menu of "Pommes à l'Irlande 1585" explained itself as a course of potatoes in their jackets, which, much to everybody's amazement, were put on the table on a silver dish and surrounded by a pierced silver circle evidently of great antiquity. Our host, full of quips and cranks, had bought an ancient potato-ring at Countess Hamel de Manin's sale in aid of distressed Irish gentry the day before, and, wishing to show us how "Murphies" were eaten at the date engraved on the ring, gravely invited us each to choose our own root, after the manner of early Hibernia, which we did, differing only from the Celtic method in using our forks instead of our fingers. After that, we went back to larks in aspic in a spirit of gratitude to the age we live in. Some of the men even growled slightly over the iniquity of practical jokes during a good dinner, and could not be brought to see the beauty of such unseasonable interludes. One cannot help thinking, though, that an occasional object-lesson would considerably lessen the endless dullness of the endless Season dinner. A dish of live mice, for instance, on explosive bonbons, would decidedly produce a general liveliness on the spot, just now, too, when we are nearing the Season's end and all too bored and *blasé* for anything.

The young Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands received a delightful and truly unique present the other day from an Oriental visitor and tributary, the Sultan of Siak, who had the pleasure of making the gift in person, at the Palace of Soestdijk, to Wilhelmina, who was accompanied by her mother. The basis of the present was a fine elephant's tusk, surrounded and filled by representations, all in silver, of Eastern fruits and flowers. The tusk was thus made to assume the

appearance of a horn of plenty issuing from a rock. All these details were beautifully modelled in silver, and not the least interesting portion of the gift was the inscription on a velvet pedestal, which ran as follows: "To Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina. Homage from Jang di Pertican Cæsar Pharif Cassim (not Baba, of course) Abdul Djalil Pjaifoedin, Sultan of Siak Sri Indiapocera." The Sultan's list of appellations is slightly less imposing than that which I transcribed a year ago concerning the King of Siam.

Amateur photography is becoming more and more fashionable, and not only subjects but monarchs also dabble in the art. The Princess of Wales takes some charming views with her hand-camera, but it is the Empress of Austria who has perhaps the most original and curious collection of photographs. It is composed of over a thousand studies of the heads of beautiful women and girls whom the Empress has met on

her many wanderings during the last eight or ten years. Most of the types were taken in the remoter parts of the Mediterranean, such as Corfu and the Greek Isles. The studies were all taken by her Majesty with her own hand-camera, and subsequently enlarged.

In France the camera is perhaps even more prevalent than in England, and the opera-glass variety seems to be the favourite. Count Primoli, a descendant of Lucien Bonaparte, makes a speciality of snap-shots, and wherever he goes—to luncheon-party, crush, or tea-fight—he is sure to be armed with his Kodak, ready to snap a charming pose or an amusing scene. It was he who took the group of the Comédie-Française Company at the famous *déjeuner* given to the Duse. Count Aquado, too, is an adept at portraits, and is wonderfully successful in producing flattering likenesses.

Mr. Drexel, the well-known American banker, is said to be contemplating the sale of his yacht, the *Margarita*, to the King of the Belgians, who personally inspected it the other day. The yacht is painted snowy white, with the exception of the lower part, which is a vivid emerald-green, and the contrast against the blue Mediterranean sky and turquoise sea was delicious. It is a big

boat, with perfect fittings and arrangements, but built more for comfort than for taking a large number of passengers, though the captain told me that Mr. Drexel intended to lengthen it. The most charming apartment is perhaps the owner's cabin, though it seemed rather a farce calling a room as large as any ordinary-sized bedroom a cabin. It is entirely upholstered in white, and the hangings and bed-coverings are in white velvet. In the fascinating little kitchens I noticed two *chefs* hard at work. Everything shone like silver, and the captain told me that the crew consisted of over fifty men, and that the owner spared neither money nor pains to have his yacht as nearly ideal as possible. He, however, said that in bad weather the boat was decidedly given to lurching from side to side, so it is lucky for King Leopold that he is a good sailor.

The Spanish Court will not migrate to the French frontier this summer, as has been its custom for the last few years. The Queen Regent has decided to pass the whole summer in the dark and gloomy palace of the Escorial.



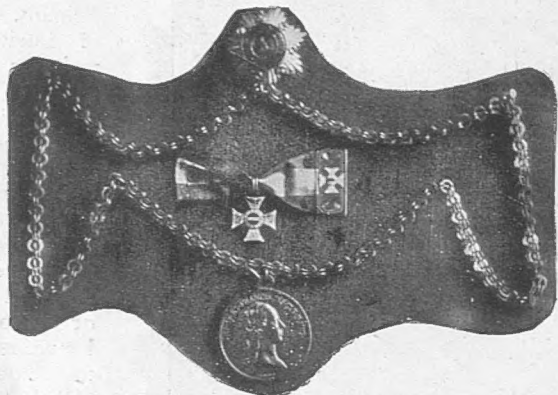
Mdle. Janotha. "John Oliver Hobbes." Lady Randolph Churchill.

GROUPED ROUND AN ERARD.

Photo by E. W. Histed.

Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton, of the Grenadier Guards, has probably the finest collection of war medals in existence. Among his treasures are the medal and chain which the Emperor of Germany granted a century ago to eight officers of the 15th Light Dragoons. The Emperor, on his way to join the Allied Army at Brussels, had been intercepted by a hostile force of some ten thousand men, and his only hope lay in the valour of a little band of three hundred soldiers under the command of General Otto. Two-thirds of the band were of the 15th Light Dragoons; the remainder were Austrians, of the Leopold Hussars. Close by was the village of Villiers-en-Couche, and the problem before General Otto was to cut a way through the cloud of skirmishers, the line of cavalry, and then the artillery and infantry which occupied the place. Halting his little handful of warriors for a moment, General Otto told them that they had advanced too far to retreat; that to attempt it would mean *death* with *dishonour*; that to advance would be, perhaps, *death*, but with *glory*; that the Emperor's safety depended on their courage. "Yesterday," he concluded, "was the Feast of St. George; St. George and Victory!" The officers who surrounded him crossed their swords in pledge, and the soldiers of the ranks shouted, "We will save the Emperor!"

And they did. With a wild rush the handful of heroes swept on, brushing aside the astonished skirmishers, riding over the line of infantry, breaking a square of six battalions, and right through the line of fifty cannon. The tale of that wondrous charge by three hundred men was twelve hundred killed and wounded among the enemy, three pieces of cannon captured, the dislodgment of the French from all their posts, and the rescue of the Emperor. He never forgot that hour. For the eight officers of the 15th Light Dragoons he caused the special decoration of Villiers-en-Couche to be prepared, and the fact that only one other impression (reserved for the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna) was



A UNIQUE MILITARY DECORATION GRANTED BY THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY TO THE 15TH HUSSARS.

struck lends to each of those eight medals a unique value. Two years later, in 1800, the Emperor also forwarded, for each of the officers, the Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa.

The agitation with regard to osprey feathers has had some effect, for the War Office has given orders that other feathers shall be used for the ornamentation of military head-dresses, though Mr. Brodrick says that it may be some time before a substitute can be found. It remains to be seen whether ladies generally will be as ready to listen to the voice of the champions of humanity as the Department which is supposed to concern itself more especially with its destruction.

The career of Lieut.-Colonel J. Ritchie of the Royal Artillery has been a remarkable one, and shows that the Army offers good opportunities to the energetic and persevering man. He joined the Artillery as a trumpeter in 1849, at the age of ten, and after serving in the ranks as Bombardier, Corporal, Sergeant, and Quartermaster-Sergeant, was appointed to a clerkship at the War Office in 1861. In 1872 he received a commission, and in 1892 became a Lieut.-Colonel. As head clerk of the Royal Artillery office he has done good service, his department being said to be the cheapest worked, most economical of clerical labour, and most efficient in Pall Mall. The officers of the Royal Artillery, headed by the Colonel-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, intend to show their appreciation of Lieut.-Colonel Ritchie's services on his retirement by presenting him with a suitable testimonial.

The marching of regiments through their territorial districts has been attended with great success in the matter of recruiting. So much is this appreciated that the Northumberland Fusiliers—"The Old and Bold"—are sending a party of two hundred men and ten officers all the way from Weymouth to the far North. They go by rail to Newcastle, spend the Sunday there, and next Monday start on the road to visit the principal towns. The conduct of the troops in every case has been excellent, and the men have been enthusiastically welcomed. It is quite certain that the "Fighting Fifth" will form no exception to the rule. The more the people see of the Army, the better they like it, for Tommy has created such a good impression in South Wales among the miners, that, instead of resenting his presence, they are not only fraternising with him, but actually becoming Tommies themselves.

This team of the Christ's College Rifles of New Zealand put up a record in route-marching in March last. Lieutenant Smith's team won last year, doing the 13 miles 20 chains in 2 hr. 48 min., a performance of fine merit. This year, however, the corps determined to have a thoroughly trained team, more than half the company training hard, in



DEFENDERS OF THE EMPIRE IN NEW ZEALAND.
Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch.

the hope that condition would mean inclusion in the twenty men to be chosen by the officer commanding. The conditions were most exacting, the same route as last year being adopted for this. Each man, clad in undress uniform, had to carry his Martini rifle, side-arms, belt, and pouches, with thirty rounds of ball-cartridge, equal to about twenty pounds per man. Any assistance from one to the other at once meant disqualification at the hands of the umpire (a mounted officer) who was detailed for such team. The winners did the distance in 2 hr. 38 min., practically lowering the time of last year by ten minutes.

As a proof of how splendidly these men had been trained, his Excellency Lord. Ranfurly (who had taken the liveliest interest in the contest), when inspecting the team on its return, could not fail to remark upon the absence of distress of any one member. The corps was originally composed of "Old Boys" who had passed through Christ's College, and to-day is largely recruited from that source. It has given nearly forty officers to the Volunteer service of New Zealand, a record of which the corps is justly proud. Its commanding officer has filled every grade, from recruit to the command, and, as showing how deep an interest he takes in the corps, he personally trained every member of the team, walking nearly four hundred miles, while no member who took part in the competition did less than two hundred and fifty miles. Six corps entered for the competition, ten shillings being the entrance-fee, the winning team taking the pool, which has been spent on photographs of the team.

The dinner which the Bloomsbury Rifles gave to Colonel Smith Richards, C.B., was interesting not merely as a testimony to the Colonel's eight-and-thirty years' service in the corps, but also as a memorial of the centenary of the regiment, which was raised so long ago as 1797. The Colonel entered as a private, and has worked his way up to the top of the regimental tree. He still looks very fit indeed.

Lovers of the river will be glad to have Mr. G. T. Rees' "Rowing Club Directory," which is published at the office of the *Lock to Lock Times*.

Scarlet has so often been condemned as the worst possible colour for Mr. Atkins on the battlefield that it comes as a surprise to learn that it is almost the best. Exhaustive experiments have been carried out in Germany with squads of men dressed in light grey, dark grey, scarlet, blue, and green respectively. These squads marched across country, and their movements were closely watched. The first to disappear from sight were the light greys, immediately afterwards the scarlets; then the dark greys, and the blues and greens. And in point of difficulty to hit, scarlet came out as by far the most difficult colour. Twenty picked marksmen were selected, and for every three hits on the other colours there was only one on the scarlet; so that, after all, in these days of magazine-rifles, Maxim and other quick-firing guns, Tommy in his red coat is far safer than when clad in the more sober colour which has been deemed necessary for campaigning.



IN HONOUR OF A VETERAN VOLUNTEER.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

The announcement that a coal-mine in this country has up to a recent date been burning continuously for fifty years will probably surprise my readers. The "burning pit," as it has been termed in the locality, is situated on the Dalquharran Estate, in the parish of Dailly, and the fire was first noticed on a Saturday afternoon in the late 'forties as the engineman in charge of the hauling operations in one of the levels drew his fire, as was his custom at the end of the week. Shortly after he was taken up, the conflagration rapidly spread, and occasionally exhibited itself in volcanic fashion. The warm seams which covered a considerable portion of land nurtured beetles and crickets in the severest winters. The "dykes" of rock which intersect the coal-seams in the district fortunately circumscribed the area of the fire, which seems to have at length exhausted the consumable material within its bounds.

A question which for some considerable time past has been exercising the ratepayers as well as the governing body in the Modern Athens has reached a critical stage. Edinburgh for long has been the recipient of varied and multifarious benefactions, the latest of which, Mr. Usher's munificent gift of £100,000 for a town-hall, has greatly perplexed the Council, inasmuch as a site could not be procured. After long periods of consideration and protracted discussion, a small majority of the Town Council now favour the West Meadows, an open playground on the south side of the city, as an appropriate site. The "battle of the sites" in the Forum and in the Press has been prolonged and excited, and, despite the Council's decision, does not yet seem to be ended. Among the various grounds of opposition to the West Meadows, it seems to be forgotten that the entrance-hall of the International Exhibition opened by the Queen in 1886 was situated on the very spot on which it is proposed to rear the Usher Hall, that a section of Edinburgh citizens favoured its permanency, and that, finally, after remaining for a tentative period, the edifice was generally regarded as a white elephant, and promptly removed.

The construction of a railway line through a little-explored portion of Argyllshire will afford facilities for making acquaintance in the not distant future of the country of "Kidnapped." Both the West Highland and the Callander and Oban Railways are to extend their systems to Ballachulish, in the vicinity of which the mysterious Appin murder, which forms an important incident in "Kidnapped," was perpetrated.

The country which the latter railway will traverse is rich in historical and traditional associations. The ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, where for many years the Coronation Stone was preserved, will be passed on the new route. To the east Loch Etive stretches its "tortuous waters" away up the glen, while on the northern side of the loch the new railway will skirt the Moss of Achnacree, under a cairn in which, according to tradition, Ossian lies buried. Besides bringing the tourist almost to the entrance of Glencoe, Ballachulish will have an attraction to not a few visitors to the Land of Lorn from the circumstance that for well-nigh fifty years there has resided within its borders one of the most distinguished antiquaries and scholars in the North—Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart, the famous "Nether-Lochaber" of the *Inverness Courier*.

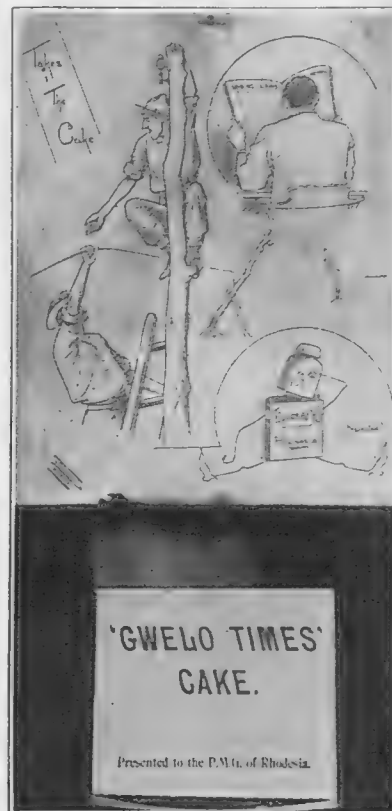
Humour seems to be a feature of the celebration of the Mohammedan "Mohurrum" Festival. A man dressed up as a lion is supposed to be going round on show. If he meets another such "imaginary" animal,

the two have a test of each other's strength by twisting each other's arm till one of them is damaged. Meanwhile, the followers belonging to each "lion" have a good set-to among themselves.

At distant Gwelo they have their *Times*. I do not mean mere posted copies of the Ancient of Days from Printing House Square, but, if it is not blasphemy to say so, a very much livelier, if less gigantic, journal, native to the soil. The number of April 30 contains a brisk leader, entitled "That Wire Again," wherein the imperfect working of the line between Gwelo and Bulawayo (*sic*) is deplored and held up to execration in the light of Earl Grey's speech at the Colonial Institute annual dinner. The Earl had praised the rule of the Chartered Company, but the *Gwelo Times* thinks that that rule, in the matter of "telegraph posts, no trees," might be mended considerably. Every month the lively *G.T.* awards a cake (presented by Mr. Campbell, a local baker) to a deserving citizen. The April confection went to the Postmaster-General of Gwelo, because his department "takes the cake" for all that is antagonistic to business enterprise. And thus, "pull (printer's) devil, pull baker," public opinion at Gwelo is kept up to concert pitch.

Many strange places between Town and far Thibet have no doubt furnished occasions for the ungente art of dancing. But I question if ever a quainter ball-room scene presented itself to the philosophic onlooker than that which took place in the train going at full speed between Laon and Paris some evenings since. Members of the Société des Guides, who had been invited to the opening of the Royal Château of Ardenne, killed the time by using their wagon restaurant as a ball-room. The whole thing had been well prepared, with orchestra in attendance, and a most enjoyable "spin" in its double sense was the result. The gay Gaul does not at least—in whatever else he may fail—take his pleasures sadly.

After all that has been said and written, we are not likely to have the air-fans and other similar arrangements that were to make the District and Metropolitan railway lines endurable. With the exception of an installation of additional blow-holes, nothing is to be done, and the reign of King Sulphur will continue until an outraged nation rises in its wrath and demands fresh air. This is tantamount to saying that nothing will be done, for the average Englishman is nothing if not phlegmatic. No other country would endure what England endures. In France there would be an assault upon the personal character and family connections of every director of the twin lines; their battered reputations would be offered for sale on the Boulevards in ha'porths. In Italy the Vatican would preach a revolution; in Germany there would be an endless series of inspired articles. In Russia, people would go to Siberia proclaiming the rights of travellers to breathe fresh air; in Turkey the Sultan would issue an *irade* promising better treatment for the faithful; in China the Emperor would publish a lamentation. In England, the long-suffering citizen, phlegmatic, slow to anger, unwilling to make any fuss, goes on inhaling the dreadful substitute for air with little more than occasional grumbling. If the State condemned criminals to pass their penal servitude travelling between King's Cross and Edgware Road, or the Temple and Sloane Square, what a howl would come from the humanitarians!



A MAN WHO IMITATES A LION.

The success of the Greek play in the chalk-pit at Bradfield has led a writer in the *Westminster Gazette* to suggest that the idea of open-air drama should be further extended, and that, for instance, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" should be given in Hyde Park. In support of this, allusion was made to the great dramatic performance which is to be given this month on the shores of Lake Neuchâtel in celebration of the fifth centenary of the liberation of the canton of Neuchâtel from German control. There might have been cited, however, another case of an open-air performance as interesting, and perhaps more to the point than the prospective historical tableaux at Neuchâtel, in which some one thousand persons are to take part. As recently as the 26th of last month, Goethe's little opera, "Die Fischerin," was presented at Sessenheim on the banks of the Moder, near Strassburg, by a number of enthusiastic amateurs. This piece was first produced at Tiefurt in the summer of 1782. Goethe himself superintended the performance, which took place, as he intended it to do, in the open air. Only once again in the long interval of over a century has it been repeated, namely, four years ago in the same place.

The representation took place on the river bank, near a bridge, which served as a grand stand for the spectators. There was no need of footlights or limelights. Begone such cheap effects, for the moon herself, or himself, as a German would say, lit up the novel stage, with its actual trees instead of property stumps, and its real river instead of a green-gauze substitute.

Miss Kate Phillips is contemplating provincial peregrinations with "Jane," the popular farcical comedy by Messrs. Harry Nicholls and W. Lestocq. Tours are also arranged of "My Innocent Boy" and of "The J.P.," which has just completed a very creditable run of a hundred nights at the Strand.

Amateur theatricals are the commonplaces of every place; but it is not often that the piece to be acted is written by the players. Thus it is I must refer to a comic opera, "The Rose Queen," which was recently put on at Sydenham. It was written by Miss L. Maggie Henderson and her sister Stella, and composed by Mr. Balfour D. Adamson. Two years ago the ladies wrote a "pastoral comedy" in two acts, called "The Rose Queen; or, The Real Heiress of Adonvale," and this they turned into the opera of the present occasion. And, further, the book of words was printed. I did not see the opera, but I have read the lyrics; and they are all workmanlike and infinitely better than much of the stuff you will find drawing money in a real theatre. The



MISS STELLA HENDERSON, AN AMATEUR ACTRESS WHO HAS WRITTEN A COMIC OPERA.

Misses Henderson, I may add, are the daughters of Mr. James Henderson, the publisher, of Red Lion Court, Fleet Street. They live at Adon Mount, East Dulwich (hence their Squire of Adonvale). Curiously enough, Mr. George Moore found his operatic heroine, Evelyn Innes, in Dulwich.

Miss Edith Cochrane's first appearance on the stage was in Birmingham, as the Countess de Lorgny in "Passion's Power." She then toured with Miss Mary Austin most successfully, for, two nights after her début, the part of Polly Eccles in "Caste" was given to her.



MISS EDITH COCHRANE.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Some months later she secured a stock engagement at Brighton. In 1895 she joined Miss Morell with Novello's "Don Juan" Company, and at Christmas was "second boy" in the pantomime at Plymouth Theatre Royal. During 1896 she was for some months understudy and playing small parts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, leaving that to join Mr. Tree. Last Christmas she was "principal boy" in the pantomime "Cinderella" at the Opera House, Northampton.

Mr. Harry Davenport, who has stepped into the part of the elderly hero in "The Belle of New York," is a native of New York City, and is now only just thirty years of age. He comes of an old theatrical family, his father being Mr. E. L. Davenport, and his mother was professionally known as Miss Fanny Vining. His sister is Miss Fanny Davenport, of whom we have all heard so much, and, as well as being a cousin of our ever-popular comedienne, Mrs. John Wood, he is a member of the Wallack family. Mr. Davenport made his first appearance on the stage when only five years of age, in "Damon and Pythias," and, young as he still is, can already count a quarter of a century of professional life, and, having been steadily at work ever since he was ten years of age, he has played upwards of two hundred parts of all descriptions. Last year he managed the Grand Avenue Theatre in Philadelphia as a stock theatre for some forty-two weeks, putting on a new play every week, among his repertoire being such pieces as "Trilby," in which he was a most successful Svengali, "Blue Jeans," "Lady Bountiful," "The Grey Mare," "Americans Abroad," "The Idler," and "Christopher Junior," and he created the rôle of the young scapegrace in "The Belle of New York."

Mlle. Ludwig, of the Comédie-Française, has died of consumption. She had latterly passed most of her time in the South of France, and her hope to the end was to be able to return to the stage. Some months ago her doctors gave her leave to reappear at the Comédie-Française; they probably considered that, as she had not long to live, it would be an act of kindness to give her a few days' happiness by once more hearing the applause of the public. She appeared as Cathos in "Les Précieuses Ridicules," and as Musette in "La Vie de Bohème." The position which she held in the theatrical world is admirably summed up in the words of M. Francisque Sarcey, "She was the bright and chattering bird of the great and solemn cage of the Comédie-Française."

One of the most notable new-comers in the musical world is Miss Irene von Brennerberg, a German violinist, who made a brilliant appearance at the Salle Erard on Friday. Her technique is perfect, her style is full of distinction, and she has keen intelligence. She picked her programme from Max Bruch, Sarasate, Hayot, and Wagner as translated by Wilhelmj.



MISS ANNIE RUSSELL AS SUE AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Her mother is Irish; her father is English; she has been bred in America, and has been on the stage since she was eight. She is a great actress, and well merits the title that has been assigned to her of "the English Duse." If you want to be charmed by simple pathos and natural acting, you will go and see Miss Russell in the part of Sue in the dramatisation of Mr. Bret Harte's novel, "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain," now being presented at the Garrick Theatre

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE BYRONS.

ROYALISTS, REBELS, ROYSTERERS, WRITERS—AND RECTORS.

If ever there was a chance of accounting for and explaining a man's scheme of life it is afforded by Byron. Isolate him, and he becomes a mere spasmodic sport, irritating to a point that his genius itself (even if admitted) cannot condone. Regard him, however, as the expression of two high-spirited races, and he explains himself. This method of exposition is not a series of cheap generalisations based on insufficient data. In the case of Byron's mother, Miss Catherine Gordon of Gight, we have a clear sweep of five centuries of authentic history; in the case of the Byrons, we have three hundred years to count on. In both instances you get families of high spirits and pronounced individuality, dominant to the last degree. In the face of a great national movement, such as the Stuart cause, to which they both adhered tenaciously, you call their stubbornness loyalty. The end of that picturesque hope was defeat; but the high spirits were not broken. On the contrary, they gained strength in the very bitterness which overtakes most proud minorities, and went on battering, not at the buttresses of the new order, but at all which that implied; so that opposition which originally took the form of royalism became revolt all round. Thus, animated with primitive passions, both families insisted, down to a late period, on having their own way in life; and, when such insistence, defying the ordinary conventions, took a certain line, we call it crime. The word is an ugly one, and yet it expresses precisely a great many lawless acts of the Gordons, and such an incident as the slaughter of Chaworth by Lord Byron's immediate predecessor. In short, both families brought into modern times the instincts of mediæval freelancers, and in literature Byron expressed that as none of his contemporaries did.

No feature is so striking in both families as the extraordinary sense of desolation and the extinctions that occurred. During the three centuries that they held the estates of Gight, few of the Gordons ever died in their beds. The first of the house was killed at Flodden; the last male laird drowned himself in the Bath Canal, while his daughter proved how unlucky it was to be the thirteenth of her race, for she married a blackguard and lost her lands. Something of the same kind took place in the Byron family, which originally came from Lancashire. A pious Catholic would say that they started badly on the road to greatness when they shared the plundered monasteries and established themselves in Newstead Abbey, Notts. Certain it is that the first notable member of his house, Sir John Byron, narrowly escaped obliteration, for only one of his thirteen sons had issue that lived beyond the first generation. Seven of these sons distinguished themselves in the royal army. One was killed at the battle of Hopton Heath, 1643; another at the storming of York, 1644. A third was drowned, and a fourth was imprisoned at Dublin for joining a royalist rising. When the eldest was created a peer, he seems to have been so impressed with a sense of fatality that he ensured the remainder of the title coming to his brothers; and, sure enough, he left no issue. He was a rabid royalist, and raised a regiment of horse which figured throughout the Civil War, although the impetuosity of its leader (for whom tactics was a meaningless term) invariably ruined its chances of victory. He rose to be Lieutenant of the Tower, and was created Baron Byron of Rochdale on Oct. 24, 1643. During the intervening two centuries and a half there have been nine Lord Byrons, the title having shifted from one side of the house to the other. As bearing on the poet, it is worth remembering that the first lord had a certain sense of literature, for he wrote an account of the Battle of Newbury for Clarendon; and he anticipated the alliance with a Gordon by advising Charles to accept the invitation of the Scots.

The first lord died at Paris in the year 1652, and the title passed to his brother, Richard, who had distinguished himself as Governor of Newark. The family again narrowly escaped extinction, for the second lord left only one son, the third baron, who married the daughter of

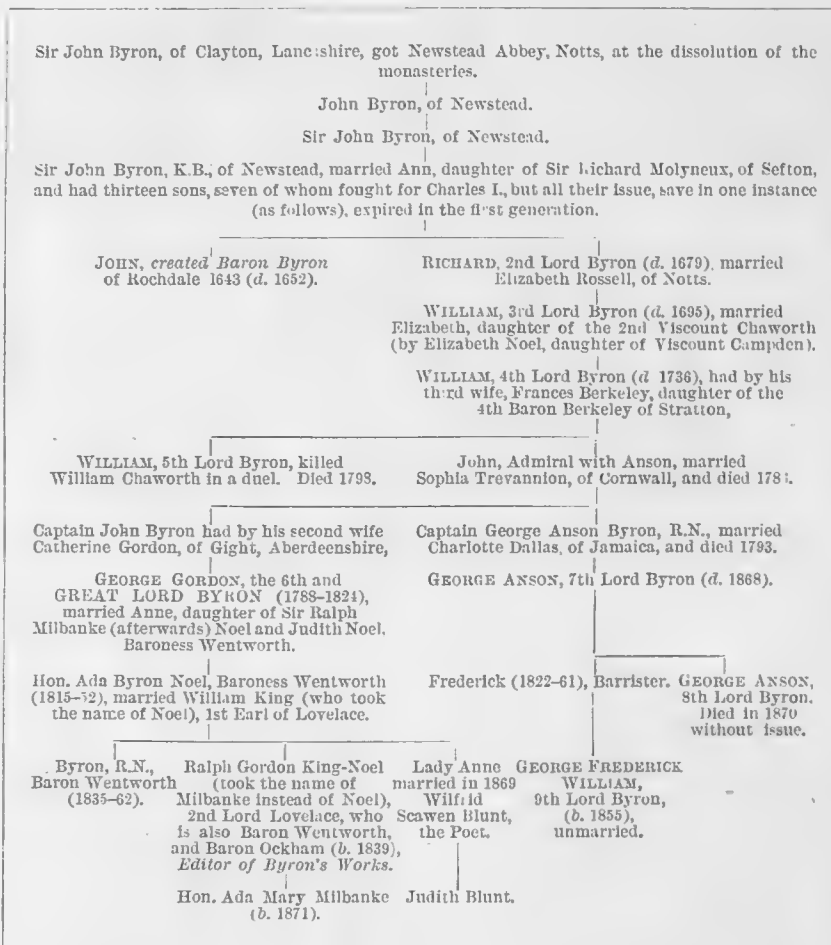
Viscount Chaworth, whose descendant was killed by the fifth lord just a century later. Only one of his four sons survived him, and became the fourth lord, in 1695. This nobleman married in succession daughters of the Earl of Bridgewater, the Earl of Portland, and Baron Berkeley of Stratton. His first wife lived only six weeks, his second six years, while his three eldest sons died before him.

The fifth Baron Byron will go down to history as the "wicked lord," and he certainly was as bold and bad a baron as ever figured in a "penny horrible." Born in 1722, he began life in the Navy, like his younger brother, the great Admiral, but gave up the sea when his father died, in 1757. He got a chance of becoming a highly respectable peer by being made Master of the Royal Staghounds in 1763, but he was incapable of escaping from the lawlessness of his race, and in 1765 he slew his kinsman, William Chaworth, of Annesley, Notts. He was a member of the Nottinghamshire Club, which used to dine at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall. On Saturday evening, Jan. 26, 1765, he and

nine other Notts squires sat down to dinner in the tavern, and all went merry as a marriage-bell until a discussion arose on the Game Laws. Chaworth declared that poachers were too tenderly dealt with. Byron, very characteristically abjuring the whole theory of law and order, declared that the best way to rear game was to pay no attention to it at all. The discussion was carried on with acrimony between Chaworth and Byron, the latter being finally nettled by Chaworth's remarks that he and Sir Charles Sedley had more game in five acres than his lordship had in his whole manor; that, indeed, but for these worthy preserves, Byron would have nothing to kill at all. Byron resolved to kill something. On leaving the tavern, he invited Chaworth into a small empty room to thrash the matter out. The whole scene is thrilling. The room was in total darkness save for a tallow candle that guttered on a table. As Chaworth was about to close the door, Byron drew his sword. Chaworth, knowing his man well, drew instantly and ran his lordship through the waistcoat. He was terrified lest he had killed him, and paused to ask whether the wound was fatal. Byron seized his opportunity. Shortening

his sword, he stabbed Chaworth in the stomach, and in a trice the tavern was in consternation. A surgeon was sent for, but the case was hopeless. Chaworth died next day (Sunday). Byron was tried and found guilty of manslaughter by the House of Lords, only to be discharged under the statute of Privilege as a Peer. But he did not pull up. On the contrary, so far from showing remorse, he always kept the sword in his bedroom, proud of the encounter. He went from bad to worse, encumbered his estate, sold the property at Rochdale from whence the family took their title, and died in obloquy precisely a century ago. His only son predeceased him, and his only grandson was killed at the Siege of Calvi, in Corsica, in 1794, and thus it was that the title came to the little lame boy at the Aberdeen Grammar School, the future poet.

The poet was the grand-nephew of the "wicked lord," being the grandson of Admiral John, and the son of Captain John Byron. The Admiral, curbed by the spirit of discipline in the Navy, used his inherited dash to some purpose. As midshipman on board the *Wager*, one of Lord Anson's navigating squadron, he was cast away (in 1741) on a desolate part of the south coast of Chili, where he lived for three years, not arriving in England till 1746. A quarter of a century later, he published a "Narrative of the Great Distresses" which he and his companions suffered there, and the poet took some of the incidents as colouring for "Don Juan." Though he was courageous, and a capital seaman, Byron was no tactician, and lacked the qualifications necessary for a great discoverer. He affirmed the Celtic touch in his blood by marrying a Cornish girl; and his elder son, John, who was in the Army, living up to the examples of some of his



THE PEDIGREE OF LORD BYRON IN A NUTSHELL.

predecessors, qualified as a first-rate rake. Born in 1723, he capped his career by seducing and eloping with Amelia, Baroness Conyers, who had married the Marquis of Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds. The lady was Byron's junior by thirty-one years. She had borne her husband two sons (afterwards the sixth and seventh Dukes of

an Admiral. The present peer is his grandson. The old touch of revolt in the family has been swamped by the influences of the Church, for the present Lord Byron's mother (she is still living) was the daughter of the Rector of Langford, Essex. She is, indeed, the backbone of the house, for her estate (Langford Grove, Essex, worth £3364 a-year) is all that



HON. ELEANOR NEEDHAM, SECOND WIFE OF THE FIRST LORD BYRON.
From a Painting by Lely.

Leeds) and a daughter, and yet she bolted with the Byron, was divorced from her husband in May 1779, and in the following June married Byron. The Captain lived in clover for four and a-half years, for the Baroness (she was a peeress in her own right) had £4000 a-year. When she died she left him nothing but an infant daughter, Augusta. Byron felt at least the loss of her fortune. Duns began to pester him, so he took a trip down to Bath, where the heiresses used to come from. There he met a little, ungainly woman, Miss Catherine Gordon, the heiress of the lands of Gight in Aberdeenshire, and, as report had doubled and trebled her fortune, he promptly married her (May 13, 1785). He soon played ducks and drakes with her fortune (which was only some £20,000, after all), left her with an infant son, George Gordon Byron, the poet, who was born in Holles Street on Jan. 22, 1788, and departed this life a few years later unlamented.



LADY BYRON, WIFE OF THE POET
From an Engraving by R. Page, 1816.

the Byrons possess of England's acres; for none of the paternal inheritance seems to have devolved with the peerage since 1824, the poet having sold Newstead for £95,000. The present peer, who lives at Langford, is unmarried. His heir is his brother, the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Ernest Charles Byron, the Rector of Langford. Should he ever succeed to the title, it would be strange to find the family ending as it began in the bosom of the Church.

The poet is represented to-day by one man and three women, the descendants of his only daughter—Lord Lovelace and his daughter, the Hon. Ada Mary Milbanke, and his sister, Lady Anne Blunt, and her daughter; the younger generation both girls of about the same age.

It is interesting to remember that literature attracts both sides of the house. Lord Lovelace is editing the new edition of Byron's works



THE FIRST LORD BYRON (1599-1652).
From a Painting by Cornelius Jansen.

No need to describe the poet. If he sinned, he had the excellent excuse of inherited devilry. Suffice it here to note that, after the manner of many of his ancestors, he left no son, so that the title went to his cousin, George Anson Byron, who was in the Navy, and rose to be



LADY BYRON, AUNT OF THE FIRST LORD BYRON.
From a Painting by Cornelius Jansen.

which Mr. Murray is issuing, while Mr. Wilfrid Seawen Blunt, who married his lordship's sister, has written verse that is marked by distinction. It would still be more interesting to see whether the younger generation has had the gift of literature granted to it.

"CYRANO THE SUCCESSFUL."

Photographs by Mairat, Paris.



Cyrano promises that Christian shall write often to Roxane.



Cyrano leads the desperate charge of the Cadets against the Spaniards.

"CYRANO THE SUCCESSFUL."

Photographs by Mairat, Paris

It may be hinted that the infamous log of wood that crushed out the life of Cyrano-Savinien-Hercule de Bergerac was aimed by someone interested in a mediæval life-insurance company which had sustained severe losses through the unwillingness of Cyrano's sword to stay at home, for de Bergerac was as skilful as prompt with his weapon, and thought no more of fighting a duel than writing a ballad—nay, he even did both together, and pinked the Vicomte de Valvert by way of a full-stop to a quaintly improvised collection of rhymes in "eutre" and "ouche." Though scornful of patron or protector, and born of a powerless, penniless, if noble, family, Cyrano soon became a personage in Paris, and the city of swordsmen soon recognised him as the greatest of all. So far did he push his position that, in public theatre, to the murmured annoyance of the house, he forbade Montfleury, the fat player, to act, and he was obeyed.

However, Cyrano at length had an adversary in a duel too strong for him; this adversary fought with arrows, and gave him an incurable heart-wound. Alas, poor Cyrano! Nature had given him wit, courage, strength, skill, and, in bitter jest, had thrown a prodigious nose into the bargain—a nose worthy of the Hippocampelephantocamélos, which, of course, rendered him ridiculous. He had not the vanity of a Wilkes to fancy that his ugliness merely gave the handsomest man a start which could be regained. So he deemed his love hopeless, and yet, when Roxane sent her duenna to bring him to meet her, hope rushed into his heart and so fired his Gascon blood that on the very evening he attacked and overcame a band of no less than a hundred spadassins.

Roxane was a pretty blue-stocking who did not care a rap for cousin Cyrano, but had taken a fancy to Christian de Neuville, on account of his beauty; however, she held her heart in hand, waiting to see whether he was witty and wise as well as handsome. She had merely summoned de Bergerac to get him to present Christian to her. Imagine

gas-charged brain as his. He would compose speeches and write letters for de Neuville, so that the young man might appear brilliant. Christian consented; and this fantastic scheme was carried out successfully, though at one time the conspirators were so pushed that Cyrano actually had to talk for Christian. But Roxane, in the darkness, was mistaken as to the speaker. Roxane's heart was won, and the lovers were wedded. Immediately after the ceremony the Comte de Guiche, who had views on Roxane thrown out by the wedding, ordered Christian and Cyrano off to the wars.

At the siege of Arras the Cadets of Gascony, with whom Christian and Cyrano served, suffered cruelly from cold and famine. Twice a day Cyrano sent long love-letters in the name of Christian, and risked his life to send them. These letters so inflamed the heart of Roxane that she made her way to the camp, and arrived just before a terrible attack was made by the Spaniards. The two men found that Roxane had grown to love not the beauty of Christian's countenance, but that of Cyrano's heart and mind, and the truth would have been told to her, so that she might make her choice, but that the first shot of the enemy killed Christian. Cyrano, chivalrously scrupulous for the reputation of the dead, held his tongue, and tried vainly to find death in desperate deeds.

Fifteen years passed. Roxane went into a convent, believing that in Christian she had lost a miracle of nature. Cyrano hustled with the world, but without his old fire or success, till one day the log of wood fell on him. Disguising as well as he could the wound, he paid his wonted visit to Roxane, but death accompanied him. Ere the end came Roxane learnt the truth, and Cyrano died happy in the thought of his wonderful self-sacrifice.

London has joined Paris in admiration of M. Rostand's heroic comedy now played at the Lyceum, and of M. Coquelin's remarkable

*Cyrano-Savinien-Hercule de Bergerac.**The dying Cyrano begs that the nuns will pray for him.*

his woe when he found that he was desired not as lover, but mere go-between. However, Cyrano never hesitated; love might not be his, but happiness should be hers. Christian was a booby, incapable of saying "Bo!" to a pretty goose; he loved Roxane. What was to be done? Cyrano quickly fancied a scheme, inconceivable save to such a

performance as the fantastic Cyrano. Indeed, M. Coquelin almost makes one forget that Madame Maria Legault as Roxane, M. Jean Coquelin, and M. Desjardins have been received with great favour. As to the quality of the play, the unparalleled success in Paris and the hearty applause in London seem to be the best evidence.

EVENING NEWSPAPER CARRIER-PIGEONS.

In the economy of an evening newspaper, in the provinces at all events, the carrier-pigeon plays an important rôle as messenger. It is true that it has not yet learned to go round the nearest corner to fetch the sub-editor's beer, but there are people who have hazy notions of what pigeons can and cannot do, who think they can perform equally impossible tasks. In pointing out to visitors to the printing-office the pigeon-loft, it is not an uncommon thing for them to ask, "How do the birds know where to go to?" One, of course, has to reply, in a shamefaced way, that the carriers know their way home only from the places to which they are taken, and, this elementary maxim of homer-life having been explained, the mystery and romance of the pigeon-messenger seem in the eyes of these people entirely to disappear. But while it would, no doubt, be convenient if the carrier-pigeon could be sent, like Noah's dove, to wander to and fro on the face of the earth and bring back olive-branches, this particular form of perambulation has, so far as I have heard, not yet been required of it in the newspaper service.

Those who use them are quite content when they go straight home from wherever they are tossed. And in order to get them to do so, they must be trained. When the young birds become thoroughly acquainted with their loft and surroundings, they are taken short distances away from it for a preliminary fly. They are carried in flat, specially made wicker baskets or tin boxes divided into single compartments. Each basket or box holds two or four pigeons. A few old birds are liberated along with the youngsters, so that the risk of loss is reduced to a minimum.

The first flight may be a mile, and, if all get safely home, a couple of miles may be tried next day, and, as the training goes on, the distances *per diem* to which the birds are sent may be greatly increased. In three weeks or a month, if the weather is good, there should be no difficulty in flying the pigeons from a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, with some assurance that, barring accidents, they will return to their loft.

For newspaper purposes there is not much advantage in flying birds from greater distances than those just mentioned. The group of pigeons photographed belong to the *Edinburgh Evening*

Dispatch, and, except on rare occasions, these are never flown further than twenty or twenty-five miles. Their work, as a rule, lies nearer home—in carrying to the office in Cockburn Street reporters' copy from the many cricket, golf, football, and sporting fields that encircle the city, and which, with one or two exceptions, are not in connection with either the telegraph or telephone systems. Every Saturday, which is the great day for sports in the Edinburgh district, as many as thirty or forty birds are requisitioned as messengers. On the morning of the days when they are to be worked the pigeons are sparingly fed. Like schoolboys liberated from school, pigeons, if they are hungry, will likely hurry home, and when they do arrive there is always a good feed of peas or maize awaiting them.

The reporter writes his copy on what is known as "fimsy"—a light oiled paper, and uses carbonised paper to obtain a duplicate. The "fimsy" is attached to the leg or legs of the pigeon by means of elastic bands; and at football and cricket matches the tossing of the birds from time to time is always watched by the crowd with great interest. The arrangement at the newspaper office for trapping the birds and taking the copy from them is rather ingenious. In the *Dispatch* office, for example, there is a clear fly-in for the pigeons, through the customary arched opening, into a small, well-lighted compartment of their loft. The floor of this small chamber is a movable plate, nicely adjusted so that the moment the pigeon alights upon it two things occur. The weight of the bird liberates a catch, and a wire portecullis noiselessly falls and closes the entrance. At the same time, an electric circuit is formed, and a bell rings in the sub-editor's room to give notice of the arrival of the bird. The pigeon is thus its own jailer and herald. On hearing the bell, a boy in attendance runs to the loft-trap, takes the copy from the bird, and, through an inner door, allows it to enter the loft proper, where it is at liberty to regale itself after its labours. Birds do not always come straight home, and

even when they do so, they do not always hurry into the trap. If the day is fine, they will sit upon the roof in the sunshine and dress their plumage, and occasionally they will amuse themselves by picking the "fimsy" from their legs, that being done when it has been carelessly put on. In these circumstances, when the sub-editor is waiting a racing or football result, his remarks on carrier-pigeons and their playful ways are apt not to be of a complimentary character. It is then that the duplicate comes in handy, for, after the pigeon has been despatched, the reporter endeavours to send the copy of the message that it carries to the nearest railway, car, or telegraph station by hand-messenger. In Edinburgh, good newspaper work has been done by using carriers in connection with events occurring on the Firth of Forth. It is obviously of great importance for an evening newspaper to receive messages from a reporter who may be several miles from land. When the Czar recently came to Leith, a reporter went down the Firth to meet him, and sent intimation of the approach of the Imperial yacht by carrier-pigeon

W. M. G.

BIRDS IN "THE VILLAGE."

So much has been written about the birds of London that a book on the subject by any other than Mr. W. H. Hudson (Longmans, Green, and Co.) might well be regarded with misgivings; but he has so often shown us that he can invest worn topics with fresh interest that any work bearing his name may be taken up with confidence. This book, like its predecessors, is thoroughly enjoyable, the work of a sincere bird-lover

whose keen observation and thoughtful habit present the ornithology of London in a new aspect. One may occasionally feel tempted to remind the author that the parks and open spaces must be managed rather with the view of accommodating mankind than birds; but it is impossible not to sympathise with his desire to make these urban bird-sanctuaries more secure and more attractive.

There are difficulties in the way, and to none are they more obvious than to the author. Cats and landscape-gardeners, in his judgment, are the great foes of London birds; the former destroy countless fledg-

lings, while the latter, tools of committee-men with souls cramped by convention, destroy the amenity of groves and shrubberies for nesting purposes. The cats Mr. Hudson would exclude from the parks by means of close wire fencing. He would also report all stray cats to the police; but this latter proposition can hardly be regarded in a serious spirit: it is the only ill-considered proposition in a sound and sensible book. What the author would do with the gardeners and members of park committees who conventionalise and "prettify" all things out of any semblance to nature does not appear; but he will find many to agree with him concerning the magnitude of their misdemeanour.

A large feline population, though numbering many vagrant cats, is not, as Mr. Hudson recognises, an unmixed evil while sparrows have so completely the upper hand of all small birds; their depredations must be checked, however, before the author's ingenious plan of making the sparrows act as foster-parents to the eggs of other and more desirable birds could be tried with any prospect of success. We are cordially with him in his protest against overcrowding the ornamental waters with domestic ducks to the exclusion of wild waterfowl, which would certainly settle in greater number and variety did these lakelets present less the aspect of a duck-farm and were suitable breeding retreats provided. Despite all drawbacks, the bird population of London is much more varied than most people imagine. How many suspect the existence of owls in Kensington Gardens, for instance? They are there, nevertheless.

Mr. Hudson, however, is mistaken in saying that the Ranelagh grounds are spoiled as a bird-sanctuary "by the shooting that goes on there." There is no pigeon-shooting at the Ranelagh Club, and birds there are many.



EVENING NEWSPAPER CARRIER-PIGEONS.
Specially Photographed for "The Sketch" by J. Banks, Edinburgh.



CUPID AND BIKEY.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A DANTON NOVEL.*

Having determined to write a romance "round" Danton, Miss Betham-Edwards was probably wise to lay the scene elsewhere than in Paris. She was thus able to give her fancy a freer rein than if she had had to steer it delicately through the red and perilous ways of the Revolution; noisy traffic of that sort seldom does suit a lady's Pegasus. So we find that Miss Betham-Edwards chooses for background the quiet woodland districts of Champagne, not very far from Danton's native town of Arcis-sur-Aube; that her characters are for the most part not revolutionaries or politicians of any kind, but simple peasants; that she is concerned less with the excesses of the Revolution than with the sane and vivifying influences of it; that the great Tribune himself is merely a fitful, one may even say a subsidiary figure, and that the interest of a capital volume depends not so much on him as on the general progress and intention of the story.

What she gives us of Danton, however, Miss Betham-Edwards has been at pains to make as historically accurate as possible. We meet his familiar phrases—"It were better to be a poor fisher than a leader of men," when he begins to find himself in the toils; "they dare not," when the hints of his arrest begin to get abroad; "show my head to the people: it is worth looking at," when the guillotine waits for its prey. His personal characteristics, too, are not forgotten: his tremendous voice, his passion for swimming, his admiration of English institutions, his love of "Coriolanus" and Adam Smith, are among the intimate touches with which Miss Betham-Edwards seeks to portray the boldest figure of the Revolution. Then his conversation—well, it is at least a fairly accurate representation of Danton's views. This, for example—

"My first thought on waking, my last in yielding to drowse, the Constitution, haunts me as green fields some hapless wretch immured for life, as kisses of lost mistress some devotee of love. I am like the fabled traveller of mirage-haunted land: now his thirst is on the point of being quenched by delicious stream, now the oasis fades, and once more around him stretch boundless burning sands. This newly won, half-won Constitution is a very will-o'-the-wisp—within arm's length one moment, vanished the next."

And this, when all France was finding great omens in the invention of the balloon which, perhaps, the subsequent achievements of that engine have not justified—

"What a sermon does yonder fireball preach to the hierarchy hitherto supreme in France! Think on what a holocaust of geniuses the monster has fattened. To say nothing of the Galileos, the Giordano Brunos for whose martyrdom

one country in the wide world, the island over against us; because Protestant England has set us the example of *Habeas Corpus* and *Habeas Mens*, freedom of body, freedom of mind!"

The fault of this Danton, it will be surmised, is that he preaches too much. Miss Betham-Edwards, in fact, finds herself in the awkward position of having to present for us in his leisure moments—while he is off duty, so to speak—a man who is, above all things, a man of action. She has, therefore, no option but to make him expound principles which

he was much fonder of putting in practice—or, more vulgarly, to make him talk shop when it was really his business to shop. But, as I have said, the genuine interest of the story is quite apart from Danton. The book is really a study of French rural life in those volcanic times when the fall of the Bastille broke up the old feudal notions for ever and a day. There is an old schoolmaster, Prudent Parisse, a quaint and pathetic variation of the dominie, who has two daughters of opposite political sentiments. One, Richarde, a sweetheart of Danton's, touched with the fever of the Revolution, leaves the sylvan home to be a sort of Joan of Arc for her country; while the other, Lucette, aids and abets Madame la Comtesse to

smuggle the family jewels across the frontier. The Countess is a piquant little person, though her opinions, as expounded to the docile Lucette, have a harsh sound in these end-of-the-next-century days—

"You must know that, up to the present time, I mean till the beginning of all our troubles, the fall of the Bastille, crimes were punished precisely in proportion to their enormity; for heretics, image-breakers, blasphemers, sorcerers, and Jews, there was roasting by a slow fire; for false coiners, highwaymen, and smugglers, breaking on the wheel; for poachers and ordinary criminals, hanging, with, of course, in all cases a certain amount of torture before and after, for the purpose of obtaining confession the thumbscrew, the iron stays, the boot, the rack, &c. Now, will you believe it, these Jacobins of Paris are so devoid of religion and morality that they have abolished all those punishments? The most revolting crimes of all, heresy, sacrilege, atheism, are to be let alone, while robbing the King's customs, forging the King's coin, murder, and rapine are punishable by what, think you? A mere mechanical cutting off the head, the quickest, easiest form of death human ingenuity ever invented, and up till that time privilege of the nobles."

In spite of her old-fashioned views, the reader bears Madame no grudge, and her shifts and stratagems to get safely out of the country with the gems make very good reading. One is sorry to notice, however, especially towards the end of the book, a certain tendency to slovenliness which is not looked for in Miss Betham-Edwards. The "Conclusion," to tell the truth, is rather inept; why introduce within the last six pages an entirely new and tragic development, only to be cleared away



ARCIS-SUR-AUBE. WITH DANTON'S HOUSE ON THE RIGHT.



DANTON'S MOTHER.



DANTON.



DANTON'S FIRST WIFE, 1700.

dogma is accountable in other countries, just tell on your fingers a few of the victims here. . . . Not a vestige of originality, intellectual insight, not a spark of nature's first, best, highest gift, mind, but must be straightway crippled, checked, and quenched by that arch-enemy of human progress the theologian! And why are we not here to-day to see the brothers Montgolfier burned at the stake and their invention with them? Because a voice has reached us from the

in the last three? And there is no perceptible reason why two paragraphs on pages 261 and 262 should be practically identical. It should be mentioned that not only George-Jacques, but some other members of the Danton family, appear in the pages of "A Storm-Rent Sky"—his mother, a pleasant and dignified "type of the bourgeois matron," and his father, "shrewd" and "benignant." An incidental personage is Danton's wife—not Richarde—who outlived him by a generation.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours and reproduced in these pages is "A Bacchante," by Montagu Barstow, a composition of excellent details and of grace of movement. The drawing of the nude child is exceedingly pretty, and the drawing of the curtain, the seat, and the marble flooring is quite excellent.

Did Rembrandt travel in England? That is a question which has not yet been definitely settled by the principal biographers of the great painter. Kosmaer and Bode express no opinion. Emile Michel, the well-known French art critic, has tried to show that Rembrandt did *not* travel in England; but the latest biographer to attempt the solution of the problem, Dr. Hofstede de Groot, comes to the conclusion that M. Michel is wrong.

The first mention of a visit to England by Rembrandt is found in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," which was published in 1713. Laroon, the painter, there relates that in his youth he often saw Rembrandt, who lived at Hull, in Yorkshire, for sixteen or eighteen months, and painted there numerous portraits, including one of Captain Dahl, which was signed "Rembrandt York 1662/1." Dr. Hofstede de Groot points out that about the middle of the seventeenth century in England the calendar commenced on March 25. A Dutchman living in Great Britain would therefore date as "1662/1" the space of time between Jan. 1 and March 24, 1662. If reference is made to the archives of the Municipality of Amsterdam, it will be found that about that time there is no mention of the name of Rembrandt. It appears on Dec. 15, 1660, and is not again mentioned until Aug. 28, 1662. Now, that is just the necessary interval for a visit of eighteen months to Hull of which Laroon writes. During that period Rembrandt's signature is not to be found in any document—a very surprising fact, when we remember what he did not sign, the will of his servant, Hendrikje Jaghers.

The most serious argument which has been produced against the probability of a journey in England is that the "Syndies" were painted in 1661, or, at least, the date says so. But it has now been absolutely proved that that masterpiece ought to be dated 1662. All the other pictures of Rembrandt dated 1661 might just as easily have been painted in England as in Holland. But the strongest piece of evidence which Dr. Hofstede de Groot brings forward is a drawing by Rembrandt which is in Berlin and which is undoubtedly a view of London with Old St. Paul's.



A BACCHANTE.—MONTAGU BARSTOW.

Exhibited in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

In Obach's Gallery there is an exhibition of etchings and lithographs by Frau Kollnitz, who has endeavoured in her work to get somewhere near to the realities of life, to the terrible insistences which Mr. Bernard Shaw has here, there, and everywhere hurled at our heads with so profound a sympathy. Technically, the lady is somewhat amateurish; her plates do not bear the signs of complete perfection, though in lithograph she is certainly more successful than in etching. But she has seen somewhere, with a human eye, and with a harrowing sympathy, the facts of life, the essential horror of certain things, and she refuses altogether to cover them up with ideals. For this reason "The Weavers" and "The End" are to be seen and appreciated among other prints that are almost as good.

"Polychrome Etchings" are often weird and elaborate productions, and those of M. Raffaelli, exhibited at Goupil's, have some of their number, at all events, which do not make any very great exception to this general rule. Industry and labour are, of course, admirable things within limits, and if combined with genius there is no human boundary to be put upon their possibilities. Industry and labour combined with genius produced "Der Ring des Nibelungen," even if it cost Wagner more than twenty years' hard work. But, though M. Raffaelli's talents are very notable, it would be a great thing to say that he is a genius. Simplicity, too, suits him better than laboriousness. In some of his quite quiet and unostentatious pieces he is admirable. His "Road with Trees," for example, is an excellent instance of the man at his best as an impressionist, a colourist, and a draughtsman.

The American invasion of the Royal Academy is becoming more and more a pronounced fact. It was surely surprising to every outsider that Mr. Abbey, after so short a novitiate, was entered upon the rolls as a full-blown Academician the other day, in the room of the late Mr. Calderon. It is some years since Mr. Abbey sprang into notice by his very fine black-and-white illustrations, which, however, did not bring him within even measurable distance of Associateship. From the moment he began to paint in the true Academic style, with just the touch of a fine superiority thrown in, it was pretty certain that, if he had the luck to take time at the flood, he was destined to be admitted within the sacred portals in the briefest possible space of time. With extreme rapidity he has accomplished the feat. Whether he is a Sargent or not scarcely matters in such a discussion; for the moment it is as well to remember that he is Abbey, R.A.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is not often that that busybody of busybodies, the London County Council, gets a chance of doing something to make London more habitable to the average householder, and when that chance arrives it is generally rejected with scorn. For the ordinary ratepayer, who has neither the luck to be a British workman and a paragon of all the virtues, nor the wickedness to be a landlord, is a silent and enduring creature—a dumb ass who does not even summon up resentment enough to vote. And he who has no vote, or, having one, does not use it, is to the municipal politician as though he were not. He will toil and fight for the most sweet voices of voters, but he will not stir a finger to save the passive victim from being deafened and distracted by the far from sweet voices of newspaper-boys and street-musicians and vendors.

The mere suppression of the howling news-boy, the pest of the afternoon and evening streets, would have made many literary and professional men Progressives for life. I am not personally afflicted with nerves to the extent of one of Max Nordau's "degenerates"; but when a small boy suddenly splits my ear with a hoarse yell of "All the Winners!" preparatory to thrusting on me a frowsy sheet, hideous with head-lines, I own that it upsets me for a few seconds and effectually drives away any inspiration that may be seeking to clothe itself in words. My first impulse is to have failure of the heart; my second, to scatter the shreds of the news-boy over the street. Both impulses I have hitherto resisted; but the world has very nearly lost one of its greatest writers and quite a number of its loudest howlers.

These lads—and in some cases young men—do not need in the very least to yell in order to sell their newspapers. They have, generally, placards that are quite as loud in their way, and far more easy to comprehend. The ordinary passer will buy half-a-dozen papers on the strength of the placards for one that he gets on account of being yelled at. The reasons for this are obvious: first, the placard being issued from the same office as the paper, there is a reasonable probability that the paper will contain something remotely akin to the announcement of the bill; whereas the vendor generally knows nothing about the events that interest the public, and takes refuge in some meaningless formula or in sheer invention: secondly, the hideous howling of the newspaper-boy arouses resentment in his victim, who will preferably not buy from him. When anybody or anything makes so offensive a noise, the natural impulse is to abolish the source of the noise. If a cat, the law permits, or, at least, views leniently, the resort to brickbats; if a boy, the police prevent us from taking the law into our own hands, and the County Council refuses to let us have any law to put into the hands of the police.

It is not, therefore, necessary for their living that these boys should be allowed to yell and scream; not that their existence is in itself specially desirable. In most cases the younger paper-sellers make a noise merely for the pleasure of being objectionable at first, and then by habit. I have heard boys yelling "All the Winners!" when they had sold all their papers; and if you hint to one of them that he is making an unnecessary noise, he will follow you for half-a-mile shouting at the top of his voice from sheer impudent malignity. It is not to support his aged mother that the little news-boy of real life makes the streets intolerable; it is simply the natural cruelty of children. A small boy commonly loves to torment animals and smaller children, and has to be corrected till he realises that such amusement is unprofitable. But far keener is his delight when he can annoy grown-up men, whom he regards as tyrants, taking the best of life from him, and suppressing his efforts and ambitions. The use of a pea-shooter must be furtive, and is perilous; moreover, it may bring down on parents a fine which will be passed on to the delinquent as a flogging. But as a news-boy the urchin may pester a solid and respectable City merchant by thrusting dirty sheets of paper into his face, and by yelling violently in his ear, and may even profit by his crimes instead of reaping the due penalty; while the police look on stolidly, and County Councillors metaphorically pat the infant nuisance on the back and bid him howl on.

Thus encouraged to be a nuisance, the newspaper-boy develops other vices. He distorts and falsifies his items of interest, and he would do so more often but for the fact that, for sheer lying, he may be, and sometimes is, taken up. He will pick up a second edition and sell it for an Early Special. He would sell a first edition in the same way, but first editions are never seen. He always tries to get a penny for a halfpenny paper, and does not fear to assert that it costs him three farthings. Further, he will press upon you the journal you most cordially dislike; and when you ask for another, you find, when he has been paid, and is yelling across the street, that you have bought your particular aversion. You do not ask for it, but he sees that you get it.

Then, again, the practice of shrieking "Horful Slorter" and "All the Winners," hundreds of times in an afternoon, through all varieties of weather, requires a powerful voice, and irretrievably ruins its quality. We are allowing our possible orators and singers, our Gladstones and Sims Reeveses, to ruin their organs in early youth. We are permitting our potential Irvings to become inarticulate in infancy. Why have a Municipal Opera House if the County Council that creates it deliberately cuts off the possible supply of native talent?

MARMITON.

NICKNAMES OF OUR REGIMENTS.

To many of our regiments quaint and curious sobriquets have become attached, these frequently having their origin in some special feat accomplished, or, perhaps, in some peculiarity in the uniform. Of the cavalry regiments many of the nicknames borne are very suggestive, if not always flattering.

When the Household Cavalry were remodelled and re-officered, the men who retired sneered openly at their successors as "Cheesemongers," this circumstance acquiring for the Life Guards the name of the "Cheeses." Another title arose from an occurrence in Piccadilly at the beginning of this century, when Sir Francis Burdett was arrested. A sharp but short fight took place between this regiment and the mob which had congregated, and from the execution done by the former the nickname of "Piccadilly Butchers" arose. The 2nd Dragoon Guards are often termed the "Bags," a vulgar corruption of their familiar name "Bays." The "Virgin Mary's Guard," "Black Horse," and the "Strawboots" are nicknames of the 7th Dragoon Guards. The first of these arose from their having served under Maria Theresa of Austria, while the last was gained during the suppression of the famous agricultural riots in the South of England.

When the 3rd Hussars were detained in Scotland by General Lord Adam Gordon, they were called "Lord Adam Gordon's Life Guards." The 4th Hussars gained the title of "Paget's Irregular Horse" from Lord George Paget, who commanded the regiment in the Crimea. The 7th Hussars were called the "Saucy Seventh." The 11th Hussars were given the nickname of "Cherry-pickers" in consequence of some of the men having been captured by the French while robbing a Spanish orchard. The "Supple Twelfth" is a peculiar name by which the 12th Lancers are frequently known. In Spain the 13th Hussars saw very hard service, and came home in tattered uniforms; this resulted in their being called the "Ragged Brigade."

Perhaps one of the best-known nicknames is the "Death or Glory Boys," given to the 17th Lancers, and taken from their regimental badge, a death's head with the words "or glory." This famous regiment is also known as the "Horse Marines," a section of the regiment having acted as Marines while on board the *Hermione*, stationed in the West Indies. Subsequently, from the Colonel's name and their smart uniform, they were known for some time as "Bingham's Dandies."

The Grenadier Guards have been known as the "Sandbags," or "Rib-Breakers," from their fighting qualities displayed at the Sandbag Battery at Inkerman. The Scots Guards, being the youngest of the Foot Guard regiments, are called the "Kiddies."

The oldest of our regiments, the 1st Foot, have been called, from their antiquity, Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard. The 2nd (Queen's) Foot have as a badge a lamb, and connecting this with the fact that they were on duty under General Kirke during the Bloody Assizes, the name "Kirke's Lambs" was bestowed upon them. Another sobriquet given them was the "Sleepy Queen's," from their having at Almeida allowed General Brennier to escape. The "Buffs" (3rd Foot) were known as the "Nutterackers" and "Resurrectionists" during the Peninsular War. The latter arose from their frequently discovering and unearthing concealed treasure.

The 4th (King's Own) are called the "Lions," while the 5th, having gained distinction in many campaigns, are the "Fighting Fifth" and the "Old Bold Fifth."

The "Holy Boys" was the satirical nickname applied to the 9th Foot during the Peninsular War, when they are said to have sacked monasteries and exchanged Bibles for rum. The "Bloody Eleventh" (11th Foot) took that name from the terrible slaughter they sustained at Salamanca; and the 14th Foot that of "Calvert's Entire" from having served a colonel of that name. The 17th Foot are called the "Bengal Tigers," from their badge, but are equally well known as the "Lilywhites."

Several regimental nicknames are derived from the official number of the regiment. Thus the 20th are known as the "Two Tens"; the 22nd are called the "Two Twos" (and often the "Red Knights," they at one time having complete uniforms of scarlet). In like manner, the 44th are the "Two Fours" (and "Stubborns"), the 30th are the "Three X's" (XXX), and the 77th are the "Two Sevens" and "Pot-hooks."

In Africa the 28th obtained the name of "Slashers," because they "slashed" off the ears of a man who refused to provide the women and children with food. Here, too, the 62nd got the name of "Springers," from their rapid pursuit of the enemy after the battle of Trois Rivières.

From their custom of maintaining a regimental goat, the 23rd (Royal Welsh) are called the "Nannyoats," or the "Royal Goats." The 33rd were dubbed the "Havercake Lads," because their recruiting sergeants carried oaten cakes on the points of their swords. The 35th were called the "Orange Lilies," from the colour of their facings. While stationed at Malta, the 38th were remarkable for their great sobriety and slowness in obeying orders, so they were nicknamed the "Pump and Tortoise." The 39th Foot, having once acted as mounted infantry under Colonel Sankey, are "Sankey's Horse." The 40th, from the Roman numerals XL, are known as the "Excellers," and it is on account of the very dark tartan of their uniforms that the famous 42nd (or "Auld Forty-Twa") are generally known as the "Black Watch."

To conclude the list, the Rifle Brigade, from their sombre costume, are the "Sweeps," and the Royal Engineers, Marines, and the Medical Staff Corps are respectively the "Mud-Larks," the "Jollies," and the "Linseed Lancers."

H. C. R.

"THE AMBASSADOR," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE AMBASSADOR, LORD ST. ORBYN (MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER), FLIRTS WITH JULIET GAINSBOROUGH (MISS FAY DAVIS).

ST. ORBYN: *Do you like gold-fish?*

JULIET: *Yes; but I often wonder what they were made for.*

ST. ORBYN: *Why, to look pretty and slip through our fingers—as women do.*

"THE AMBASSADOR," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Lady Gwendoline Marleaze (Miss Hilda Rivers) was in love with Sir William Brauvedere, but he favoured Juliet Gainsborough, and so Gwen batters his bust with a pack of cards.

LADY GWENDOLINE: Oh! did you hear that? or, if you heard, would you care?



The Princess Vendramini (Miss Granville), who had long sought the Ambassador's hand, consoles with Gwen.

PRINCESS VENDRAMINI: We live to love, to suffer, and to die.



Sir William's stepmother (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) and her own boy, Vivian Brauvedere (Mr. H. V. Esmond).

VIVIAN: Oh, hang it all! A fellow can't marry every girl who gets pale every time his name is mentioned. There would simply be no end to it.



Vivian confesses to forgery, but his brother, Sir William (Mr. H. B. Irving) declines to help him.

VIVIAN: Then I shall blow my brains out, that's all.
SIR WILLIAM: These vulgar threats, my dear Vivian, are unavailing.

"THE AMBASSADOR," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Juliet Gainsborough (Miss Fay Davis) tries to read Gwendoline's fate.

"I see good news."

"Oh, Gwen, I see a marriage!"



The Ambassador (Mr. George Alexander).

"Think of the ass she's engaged to! Think of the dull, portentous bore with the brain of a—a—lobster, and the heart of a—a—spring onion!"



Gwen and Sir William.

GWENDOLINE: People seem to think we are such icebergs!
SIR WILLIAM: That's because people are such fools.

"THE AMBASSADOR," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Juliet saves Firian, whose mother has not liked her.



JULIET: Oh, why are people always kind to each other—too late?



Sir William and the Ambassador.

"My dear Bill, you are right. A broken engagement is a pity; but a wretched marriage is a joke—a hideous—a hellish joke!"



The Princess hears of the Ambassador's engagement to Juliet.

"Oh, Princess, we always meet too late and part too soon!"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MISS CHESTERTON'S RESCUE.

BY CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

The gradual stopping of his cab made Mr. Arthur Cargill look up from the perusal of his evening paper. It was six o'clock, and the Mansion House crossing was blocked; omnibuses and cabs ground wheels together, derisive voices made anxious inquiries, a few, more hopeful than the rest, ventured to say, "Now we *shan't* be long." The pavements were as packed as the road, and so great a crush surged round Cargill's off cab-wheel, which touched the kerb, that he had serious fear for the consequences when a start should be made. And, indeed, when the movement came, a sudden surge forward forced some of the outer line into the road. All at once Cargill recognised a girl's face, frightened and pale; he coloured, said "By Gad!" threw down his paper, and leant forward, with extended hand. "Jump in!" he cried. The girl saw him just in time, caught the extended hand, and was by his side, panting and safe, in a moment.

"My dear Miss Chesterton," he said, "why do you run such risks?"

"I didn't know there was any risk. I'll never come to this horrid Cheapside again."

"Not alone, at any rate, I hope." She lay back and closed her eyes. She had really been greatly alarmed, and could not think very clearly. In the meantime, the hansom was spinning west at a good pace.

"Suppose I'd been knocked down and run over!"

"And by my cab!" murmured Cargill.

"And then taken to a hospital on one of those dreadful ambulances! I once saw a man being taken, and they'd put a great covering all over him. You knew it was a body, although you saw nothing."

Cargill, quite by accident, laid his hand upon Miss Chesterton's.

"Don't," he said. "You're quite safe now. You must be careful in future. You mustn't think about these things—it's foolish."

"I can't help thinking about them," she said.

Cargill settled himself at his side of the cab so that he could look at his companion. He had a clear view of a very charming profile, as fresh and young as though London had never touched it; he wondered what secret London women possessed that they managed to keep so sweet, so bright, in spite of all that smoke and foul air could do. In the convenient little looking-glass, so thoughtfully provided in hansoms, he had a sight of her full face also—drooped eyelids, mouth still a little tremulous, and chin nestling in laces like a bird on its nest. Cargill felt extremely pleased with himself. If he had chosen to meet anybody at that time, it would have been Miss Chesterton, and he had the consoling sense that he had saved her from a broken limb or worse.

"Would you like to see the *Pall Mall*?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she said. And then, after a pause, "Why weren't you at the Elliots' on Tuesday?"

"I couldn't manage it. I had to stay in town till midnight preparing a case."

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"You wouldn't understand if I told you. It's one way of making money—a more honest way than a great many others common in the City."

"It must be rather nice to make money, I should think," she said.

"Well," said Cargill, "one must get money somehow; if one hasn't it, one must make it. I don't know about its being nice."

"Anyway, it's nice to spend it," she said.

"Charming," Cargill admitted.

By this time they were approaching the Trocadero, where Cargill had proposed to dine. Miss Chesterton's fright had evidently quite put her own destination out of her head. The cab drew up impassively. Miss Chesterton suddenly awakened.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"At the Trocadero," said Cargill, "where I hope you are going to dine with me."

"But I promised to be at Hampstead by seven—and I couldn't think of dining with you as I am, Mr. Cargill."

"You can't possibly reach Hampstead by seven; it's half-past six now, and it's precisely as you are that I want you to dine with me."

An obsequious door-porter had opened the flaps and stood waiting at the step. He was not altogether unused to such delays.

"Oh, but Mr. Cargill—," she said.

"Suppose we get out," said Cargill; "we're stopping the traffic."

He assisted Miss Chesterton to the pavement. The colour had returned to her face, and, as Cargill paid the cabman, she beat a tattoo with her shoe.

"Now," said Cargill, returning, "come along. I insist on your coming. Remember—I saved your life."

"If you put it like that, Mr. Cargill," she said, "you leave me no option."

"That's precisely what I want you to realise," he said. "You are also quite unfit to travel so far as Hampstead. You must be refreshed for such a stupendous journey."

He had convoyed her to a corner table, where she sat down obediently and began to take off her gloves.

"And besides," Cargill went on, as he handed his overcoat and hat

to a waiter, "I'll be bound you never had any proper lunch—ladies never do. You went to an 'A.B.C.' place, or something of that kind."

Miss Chesterton admitted that she did.

"And yet you propose to go to Hampstead now," he said, sitting down cheerfully and securing a menu. "Why, that would be far more dangerous than getting under a cab-wheel. What will you have? Is there anything here you particularly affect?"

She refused to look at the menu. "I know nothing about it," she said.

"Now I flatter myself that I do," Cargill said. He had a whispered consultation with the waiter, and then turned to his companion with unalloyed satisfaction in his eyes.

"Dining," he said, "is an art. Not one lady in a thousand understands it. The harmony must be preserved; it is not less subtle than music."

"Or preparing a case," said Miss Chesterton.

"Far more subtle than that. My father taught me how to dine. He was an excellent lawyer—his text-book on Probate is a classic—but his taste in wines was more excellent. His cellar is still unexhausted, and I was his eldest son." Cargill mused upon the fact.

"I can't understand men's taste for wine," Miss Chesterton said, very decidedly.

"I daresay not—therefore I shan't consult you about it to-night. Even you, Miss Chesterton, are not expected to know everything."

By this time they had disposed of the *hors d'œuvres*, and the arrival of the soup absolved the lady from the necessity of a reply.

"I would almost say," said Cargill, "that the art of dining is the art of life."

"And yet some men," said Miss Chesterton, "are vegetarians."

"Some men," said Cargill, "are also fools."

He noticed that Miss Chesterton had an excellent appetite and sipped her champagne as though she appreciated it. She was quite herself again, although a little wide-eyed at the unusual surroundings; her glance wandered from table to table in a questioning, tentative sort of way.

"I wonder who all these people are," she said.

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"The man just opposite me looks like an actor."

"I daresay he is," said Cargill; "a minor actor."

"And there's a person higher up who looks like a poet."

"Quite possibly he may be," said Cargill; "a minor poet."

"But I didn't think a poet could afford to dine in a place like this."

"Very likely he can't, but that's not any reason why he shouldn't."

"I see," said Miss Chesterton.

"If one only did the things one could afford to do," said Cargill, eyeing the champagne-bottle, "existence would rapidly become a nightmare."

"But one can't go on doing extravagant things."

"I don't know about that. It's very largely a matter of practice, like everything else."

"But isn't there such a thing as bankruptcy, Mr. Cargill?"

"Yes, fortunately for my profession."

"It always seems dreadful to me that people should live on the misfortunes of others," said Miss Chesterton.

"But we help 'em out of their difficulties—and in a great many cases the creditors have to pay. Besides, even misfortune may bring pleasure to very deserving people. Now your misfortune this evening has been the means of giving me a great deal of pleasure, and even you, now, are none the worse for it. If you hadn't jumped into my cab I should have been dining miserably—alone."

"You would probably have been quite happy," Miss Chesterton said.

"Believe me—no," said Cargill. "To tell you the truth, I was thinking about you just before. I intended to call upon you to-morrow."

Miss Chesterton turned her head aside and sought earnestly for her pocket-handkerchief.

"I should have been glad to see you," she said.

"I suppose you consider it will be unnecessary to call now?" he asked.

"Oh no," she said; "mamma will be in."

"I say it with all respect to your mother," he said; "but I didn't particularly want to see her—I wanted to see you."

"About that collie puppy you promised to get for me?" Miss Chesterton asked, hurriedly.

"No; the puppy had nothing to do with it. . . . Let me fill your glass."

"Then it must have been about—about the Bazaar," she said, trying to look unconcerned and succeeding only in blushing deeply at her own failure.

"About the Bazaar?" echoed Cargill in mild astonishment. "I don't know anything about a Bazaar. Do you want me to help you in something of that sort?"

"No," she said; "I made a mistake. I was thinking that you knew all about it; but, of course, you don't."

"Indeed, I don't," said Cargill. "Bazaars are not exactly in my line."

"No," Miss Chesterton agreed humbly.

"I don't want to spoil such a pleasant evening; pleasant to me, at any rate."

"And to me too," she said.

"Thanks," said Cargill; "but I'm going to risk it. If you could only promise not to be annoyed at what I'm going to say." He felt his way cautiously, and watched her face sidelong; he was very much in love with Miss Chesterton, but he was still well enough in hand to go carefully.

"I'm sure you wouldn't say anything to annoy me, Mr. Cargill," she said, fingering the stem of her glass nervously.

"That's a kind of permission for me to go on, isn't it?"

"Yes—without you were going to propose something very dreadful."

"I was going to propose," said Cargill, catching at the word, "that you should marry me."

Miss Chesterton instantly felt that the eyes of all the room were upon her; but a glance assured her that she was as much alone there as in a church.

"Is that so very dreadful?" Cargill asked.

"No, it's very kind," said Miss Chesterton.

"I didn't quite put it in the form of a question, but I will now. I've been in love with you for quite three months—of course, you didn't notice it. My dear girl"—he laid hold of her hand under the table—"will you be my wife?"

Her fingers closed upon his, and she turned a flushed and laughing face towards him.

"But the art of dining," she said. "We should never get on together, should we? I know nothing about it, remember."

"I'll take the risk," Cargill said.

"And the wine," she said—"I am quite ignorant of wine."

"That is more serious," he said, "but I'll risk that as well."

"Then you don't take any interest in Bazaars," she said.

"None whatever; but, if you particularly wish, you can run a Bazaar of your own and manage it all yourself."

"Not for the world," said Miss Chesterton.

"Are there any other objections?" asked Cargill; "because, if there are, we may as well settle them now."

"I can't think of any more—at present."

"Then you say 'yes'?"

"Mr. Cargill," she said, "don't you think you have me at a disadvantage—almost at your mercy? You see, you saved my life this evening—and then gave me a very good dinner afterwards."

"You admit the dinner was good?"

"Excellent."

"Then forget about the life-saving—I give that up—count it out."

"But I can't," she said.

"Then count it in," he said.

"I will," said Miss Chesterton, "and I say 'yes.'"

There was a long silence, in which both Miss Chesterton's hands went under the table. Suddenly she cried out—

"It's nearly nine o'clock!"

"Yes," said Cargill; "I'm going to see you home now."

"In a cab?" she asked.

"In a cab," he said. "If there's any fund for pensioning decayed cabmen I shall subscribe largely to it."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"John Burnet of Barns" (John Lane) is a novel by Mr. John Buchan, who recently gained the Newdigate prize at Oxford. Mr. Buchan is understood to be a miracle of precocity. There is little that he has not attempted, and more or less succeeded in, during the brief period of his existence, but he has not succeeded in this story. He is, though I daresay he will not like being told so, a follower of Mr. S. R. Crockett. He has none of Mr. Crockett's defects, but he has none of Mr. Crockett's merits. What his book wants is life. The figures are all there, the adventures are all there, but never once is the reader touched or interested. Mr. Buchan may know all about the passion of love and adventure, but he has a quite miraculous skill in concealing his knowledge. I can hardly imagine anybody getting through this book unless he is, as I was, in a place where he can get to no other, and, out of sheer famine, will eat almost anything. Mr. Buchan may, and I trust he will, do great things; but there is no sign that he will ever do much in fiction.

A very different book, and one with an unmistakable note of promise, is "Zack's" series of short stories, "Life is Life" (Blackwood). These stories have appeared, for the most part, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and there is a certain piercing, poignant quality about them which is unmistakable. The longest of the set, which is entitled "The Red-Haired Man's Dream," shows the influence of Miss Beatrice Harraden. This is a pity, for "Zack" is quite able to work out a style of her own. Perhaps the best is the last, "Dave," which tells without the waste or the missing of a word how a man fought his battle against drink. I shall be very curious to see how "Zack" succeeds in a long story.

Colonel Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays" (Gay and Bird) have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are charming sketches, fully characteristic of the genial author whose engaging personality is well known to many of us in London. The most interesting part of the book to me is the sketch of James Russell Lowell's first wife, Maria White. I wish it had been lengthened. We are still very imperfectly

supplied with materials for Lowell's biography, and his letters were almost too judiciously edited. Maria White was an enthusiast, and Colonel Higginson quotes a letter she wrote about the delay in her marriage: "It is easy enough to be married; the newspaper corners show this every day; to live and to be happy as simple King and Queen without the gifts of fortune, that is a triumph that suits my nature better." Miss White was an enthusiast pure and simple, and she did much to fire her husband with her own zeal. As the years went on Lowell gave way to cynicism, but the old passion was still in him, and on occasion would revive even in the most discouraging circumstances. There is a good paper on "Literary London" twenty years ago. Colonel Higginson tells a story of a young girl who sang to him with a dramatic power he never heard surpassed Kingsley's ballad "Lorraine," of which the heroine is a jockey's wife who is compelled by her husband to ride a steeplechase at which she meets her death. The young singer had set the ballad to music, and it was one of those coincidences stranger than any fiction that she herself was killed by a runaway horse but a few months later.

As a critic Mr. Higginson does not shine. Describing Matthew Arnold, he says, "Arnold seemed to me personally, as he had always seemed in literature, a keen but by no means judicial critic, and in no proper sense a poet. That he is held to be such is due, in my judgment, only to the fact that he has represented the current attitude of the mind in many cultivated persons." In these sentences one may admire the honesty of the author. Colonel Higginson, like many others, was a little puzzled by Tennyson, and thought him too much absorbed in the creations of his own fancy. Lord Houghton was quite right when he said, "Tennyson liked unmingled flattery." Mr. Higginson does not go so far as that: "But I noticed that when he was speaking of other men, he mentioned as an important trait in their character whether they liked his poems or not—Lowell he evidently thought did not."

If Mr. George Moore were to write out a recipe for the making of fiction, which should be a generalisation of his own methods, it would frighten most of our light-headed little novelists—frighten them out of the trade altogether, were it widely accepted. The best preparation for success on his lines would be, I think, long practice in cramming for stiff examinations. The aspirant should be able to "get up" any subject so as to stand the test of the sternest examiner. Then, in his off-hours, which should not be leisure ones, he should go, note-book in hand, into the streets and into the houses of his friends, and jot down shapes, sizes, numbers, complexions, features, accents, phrases, conversations, opinions, with as much conscientiousness as if these were to be used as important evidence in a court of law. They will always come in useful somehow and sometime. Having picked from his circle of acquaintances a few personages to serve as the population of this book, he must provide them with opinions and interests. These, which he has studied in no perfunctory way, will provide material for no end of instructive conversations. Afterwards, he chooses a set of incidents, if possible out of his own or his friends' experience, hangs them on as best he can to his characters, and fills up with descriptions of a kind that would satisfy a land-surveyor, and with verbatim reporting. Imagination becomes a useless faculty; but the field of fiction is not the more accessible.

There are few writers with the dogged industry, the comprehensive interests, the clear intelligence, and the patient accuracy essential for novel-writing on this plan. Nobody can compete with Mr. Moore; and not many make the attempt. I am awestruck by the musical learning in his latest book, "Evelyn Innes" (Unwin), and I am surprised and delighted with his confidence that the public care for such matter as he gives them. An important library has refused to circulate his novel, one hears. This must be perfectly incomprehensible to all who have read it. He offers nothing to the frivolous or the prurient. Only the leisured and the very serious-minded and intellectual will get through it. Nothing farther removed from light recreation could be imagined. The story is the smallest and the most unsatisfactory part. By itself it could tempt nobody. It is as a brief history of the revival of ancient music in England, and as a body of criticism on modern opera, Wagner's in particular, that the book makes its strongest appeal. Its photographs of personages of the day and its phonographs of their accent and opinions are managed with skill; but they provide a purely intellectual entertainment. I know exactly how Sir Owen dressed and talked; but he is only, in the end, a creature that wears good clothes and has opinions, not a man. I know Ulrick Dean outside the book, and I think he has sat to a clever photographer; but inside I see only a well-printed photograph of an artist about whose interesting views Mr. Moore discourses with fairness and intelligence. Mr. Innes is a thing that arranges unpopular concerts on the music of which Mr. Moore gives lectures. Humanity, vitality, fly from this terrible, conscientious reporter.

Mr. Moore is one of our most brilliant writers on Art. His criticisms are vivacious, suggestive, amusing. Why do all his *entrain*, his wit and charm, flee from him when he sets himself to the literary task where they would tell to most advantage? Probably because novel-writing is altogether alien to his genius, and, in pathetic and even estimable defiance of this, he has put forth all his will, his industry, and his patience to wrest success against heavy odds. He nearly did win success in "Esther Waters." But "Evelyn Innes" only inspires respect for a most honourable failure.

O. O.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"ASK PAPA!"

CABBY'S CLAWS CUT.

We all have a latent liking for cabby, notwithstanding his shortcomings, for, he is an invaluable aid in assisting us to pick up time, to be punctual at appointments, to get through a hard day's work. We give him all due credit for his bright intelligence, also for his speed, for his ability in

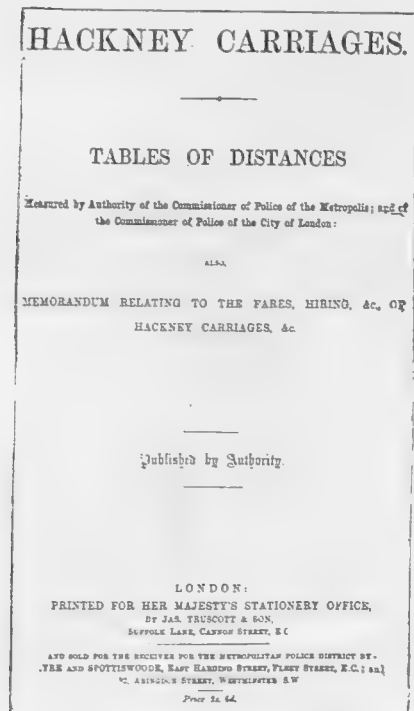
threading the intricate, narrow thoroughfares of the City, for the smartness with which he spans along the broad traffic arteries of the West End, for the cleanliness of his comfortable vehicle, for the natty neatness of his nag. For sheer "go" there is no such a cabman in the whole wide, wide world as our London cabby. That is why we like him—in a measure.

If he fails to command our entire sympathy, it is because of the evil tenor of his ways. He is the most shameless rogue in creation, but honest withal, which reads like a contradiction. Let me explain. If you have the misfortune to leave any property in his vehicle, it is a hundred to one that you will recover it again. Cabby, within four-and-twenty hours, will leave it at the nearest police-station, whence it is forwarded to the Lost Property Office, New Scotland Yard, S.W. There, between the hours of ten and five

Cabby is a product of New Scotland Yard. It is there that he receives his licence and so bursts into existence. Anyone can apply for one of these documents, which costs five shillings. It is renewable annually, but the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis alone is judge as to whether it shall be granted, and, if granted, renewed. The law says the Commissioner *may* grant a licence, not that he *shall*. Still, a licence is never unduly withheld; but no applicant may receive one unless he can read and write, is clean in dress and person, and civil in manner and language; if he be under twenty-one years of age, except on the special application of proprietors; if he be below five feet in height, or not strong enough to remove the luggage of hirers; if he be deemed unfit through infirmity of mind or body; if he be unable to produce testimonials of good conduct from his last employer, and from two householders who have known him personally for the previous three years. Applicants are required to have a knowledge of all localities in and about London, and in that respect to undergo a searching examination, which lasts between ten minutes and a quarter of an hour. The examiner, for example, inquires which is the shortest way from Tower Bridge to Turnham Green, from Bramshill Gardens to Petticoat Lane; and so on. The answers have to be minutely correct. Applicants who have been in any public service are required to produce good-conduct certificates from their former chiefs. A licence to drive a carriage impelled by mechanical or other power, not being animal power, can only be obtained on application of the proprietor or company requiring the driver's services.

These licences are being applied for, and are granted or refused daily, and all day long, in a particular department at New Scotland Yard, where a regular busy hive of industrious officials, in their neat police uniforms, are hard at work from morn till eve.

Cabby is there regarded as an honest, industrious man, who tries to do the best he can for himself, while it is thought, now these tables of distances have been brought out, that the public should be quite able to protect themselves against his attempts at extortion. An interesting abstract of laws bearing on the whole question is published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode at the modest price of fourpence.



o'clock, it is restored to its owner on payment of an award to cabby at the rate of three shillings in the pound on money, jewellery, and watches, and of two shillings and sixpence in the pound upon other property. So much for his honesty, which is commendable.

But, when you settle up with him at the end of a drive, he will not fail to rob you on the mileage, as on the time you may have kept him waiting, if he can. That is where the roguery comes in.

To avoid difficulty in his dealings with the public, the Legislature, in its wisdom, has prudently fixed the rate of cabby's remuneration, and he is granted his licence on the understanding that he abides by the law in this as in other respects. But he will not do so. He will prey upon his fare. He will, invariably, claim more than his due. You may report him to the Commissioner of Police, you may drag him up before the "beak," if you have the time to waste; you may have him fined, have his licence endorsed, but you cannot make him mend his ways. He is incorrigible. It is the nature of the beast, as they say of dumb animals, and, hitherto, it has been very difficult to get on terms with him.

A handbook I have before me, neatly bound in limp red cloth, should effectually clip his claws. It has only just been published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. Its cost is 2s. 6d. It is entitled, "Hackney Carriage Distances measured by authority of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis and of the Commissioner of Police of the City of London, and Regulations made by the Secretary of State."

The book, which is very clearly printed in bold-faced type, contains one hundred and twenty-one tables, each covering two pages, and giving the distances from one hundred and twenty-one well-known landmarks to all the hospitals, railway-stations, places of amusement, and principal thoroughfares in town. There is also a good coloured map of London, neatly ensconced in a pocket, at the end. Such an authoritative reference as this will be of vast assistance to the public, in protecting themselves against cabby's rapacity, and for that reason it deserves a place in every London office, in the hall of every house whose inmates are cabby's customers, and, indeed, in every Metropolitan home; for who has not need of a hackney carriage at some time or other, be it the delightful London gondola or the degraded "growler"?

Memorandum.

Public Carriages within the Metropolitan and City Police Districts, together with their Drivers and Conductors, are Licensed by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis.

A Hackney Carriage which is standing in any public place is deemed to be plying for hire, and the Driver is bound to accept a fare unless he prove he is already hired.

N.B.—A Driver is not compelled to accept a fare whilst on the premises of railway company or other private property.

A Driver must, if so required, give to the hirer a ticket of fare, bearing on the obverse side the number of the Carriage with the name and address of the proprietor; and upon the reverse side the particulars as below:—

HACKNEY CARRIAGE LICENSED TO CARRY () PERSONS.		
(a) If hired and discharged within four mile circle—		
(1) If by distance—		
Not exceeding two miles	1s.	
Exceeding two miles—		
For each mile or part of a mile	6d.	
(2) If by time—		
For one hour or less	2s. 6d.	
Above one hour—		
For every 15 minutes	6d.	
For any less period	6d.	
(3) If hired without the four mile circle wherever discharged—		
(1) If by distance—		
Not exceeding one mile	1s.	
Exceeding one mile—		
For each mile or part of a mile	1s.	
(2) If by time—		
For one hour or less	2s. 6d.	
Above one hour—		
For every 15 minutes	6d.	
For any less period	6d.	
(c) If hired within but discharged without four mile circle—		
(1) If by distance—		
Not exceeding one mile	1s.	
Exceeding one mile—		
For each mile or part of a mile	1s.	
(2) If by time—		
For one hour or less	2s. 6d.	
Above one hour—		
For every 15 minutes	6d.	
For any less period	6d.	
(d) If hired without but discharged within four mile circle—		
(1) If by distance—		
Not exceeding one mile	1s.	
Exceeding one mile—		
For each mile or part of a mile	1s.	
(2) If by time—		
For one hour or less	2s. 6d.	
Above one hour—		
For every 15 minutes	6d.	
For any less period	6d.	
EXTRA PAYMENTS.		
(a) Whether hired by distance or by time:		
Luggage—		
For each package carried outside	6d.	
Extra persons—		
For each person above two	6d.	
Two children under 10 years to count as one person.		
By distance—waiting		
For every 15 minutes completed—		
If hired within circle	6d.	
If hired without circle	6d.	

* The number mentioned in the licence.

* In the case of a two-wheeled carriage, 2s. 6d.

* Ditto ... 6d.

* Ditto ... 6d.

* In the case of a two-wheeled carriage, 6d.

THE GALLERY GOD.

Which he ain't high enough on your price-list,
And that's why I've shot up the steps;
Fer I'm just passing through from Chicago,
But I'll spare you a minute, perheps.
And I guess that it ain't quite becoming;
Thar's a brick, Mr. *Sketch*, in your hod
Which his worth, maybe, 's more than you reckon—
They call him the Gallery God.

Which when deities ever are mentionea
I look fer my het and my stick;
But I've struck on a bed-rock conviction
Thet thet Gallery sample's the pick.
His remarks, they are terse and decided,
His applause is a Juppiter's nod;
He condemns and he praises kerrectly;
He's squar-built—is your Gallery God.

He fixes right on to his favourite,
His loyalty's steady and strong,
He says what he thinks without blinking,
And it ain't very often he's wrong.
The artist and the actor who've prospered,
When they look at the path they hev trod,
Passing over the stalls, pit, and boxes,
Stretch a hand to the Gallery God.
I've done every Hall you ken think of;
Theatres—done all the lot;
What I've seen makes me free in remarking
Thet his highness—he jest knows what's what.
And I guess he don't get enough credit
For one who's got hold of the rod
Thet whisks up your star into favour—
Which the same is the Gallery God.

Which he ain't high enough on your price-list,
And that's why I've monkeyed the stairs;
You Britishers like a straight reckoning
With everyone—everywheres.
So I skipped up in passing to tell you
The best brick you've got in your hod;
Take my word (and I come from Chicago),
He's a nailer—thet Gallery God.

J. W. M.

“SWEET AUBURN”: THE LAND OF GOLDSMITH.

Photographs by H. C. Shelley.



IS THE ANGLICAN CHURCH GOING BACK TO ROME?

NOT NECESSARILY, ALTHOUGH IT LOVES THE DECORATED ALTAR AND POSSESSES CRUCIFIXES GALORE

The Church of England is passing through one of its periodical panics over Ritualism and "Rome." On the present occasion the crisis has been demonstrated to the man in the street, who is singularly indifferent to such a thrilling topic as the validity of Anglican orders, by the campaign of Kensit. The question is all very complicated, as it ever will be, for the Church of England remains a half-way house. The more logical Scot went back to hard, bare, and bleak Presbyterianism. The Englishman, with a finer sense of compromise, lingered at the cross-roads, and he is there to this day. But it is precisely because the Englishman is what he is that I believe (if the Court of Arches will accept my right to express an opinion) he will not go back to Rome—on the basis of an authority-from-without. Romanism on that level is as un-English as Kensitism. Meantime, there is undoubtedly a desire to annex some of the more picturesque qualities of the Romanists' creed, which the worshipper in spirit-and-in-truth will go on repudiating. Take, for instance, the latest addition to the decoration of the fine screen of Winchester Cathedral. Canon Valpy has presented a large crucifix, at a cost of £800, to commemorate his late wife. Mr. Bodley is to design the figure, and also a panel representing the Nativity, which will replace West's painting of the Raising of Lazarus at the foot of the great cross. Again, take the triptych which has been designed for St. Chad's



THE SCREEN OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

Church, Liverpool, by its founder and former vicar, the Rev. J. W. Rhodes, now at Whaplode, Spalding. Mr. Rhodes was originally an architect, and his acquired ecclesiasticism naturally included ecclesiology. Beginning in 1880 as curate of the parish church of Boston, Lincolnshire, he migrated to Liverpool, to work up a mission district, where he erected the fine church of St. Chad and all the other buildings necessary to parish organisation. Funds permitted but little decoration, so the architect-vicar, falling back on his own resources, designed and, with the assistance of artistic parishioners, produced the triptych here reproduced. The painting is executed in rich colours on zinc plates framed in oak, and is a great ornament to the church.

As an example of church furniture, I give a picture of a beautiful cabinet oratory. The cabinet is made of tortoiseshell, bronze, and silver, with more than eighty figures, all different. It is 8 ft. 7 in. high, 6 ft. 1 in. wide, and 20 in. deep, and it weighs about 640 lb. It belonged originally to Charles V. of Germany. In 1717, Juan Domingo de Haro y Guzman, of the military order of Santiago, bequeathed the jewels of his house (valued at a thousand ducats) for the decoration of the oratory. Hence its gorgeousness. I fancy there will be an increasing number of people in the Church of England who will revel in ecclesiastical *bric-à-brac* of this kind. But does that necessarily imply Rome?



A TRIPTYCH DESIGNED BY THE VICAR FOR ST. CHAD'S, LIVERPOOL.



A RENAISSANCE CABINET ORATORY.

"A STRANGER IN NEW YORK," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Byron.



The stranger, having introduced himself on the card of the man whose head he is examining (I. Collier Downe), has a merry time at the French Ball.



The French Ball is a great success.



I. Collier Downe's wife invades the Ball, and is taken under the wing of the stranger. Her husband enters, and shams great wrath at the scene.

BEAGLES.

If the doings of beagles receive scant attention from writers in the sporting papers, it is not because these beautiful little hounds do not show enjoyable sport to those active enough to keep up with them: you must possess good legs and "long wind" if you would see the full beauties of beagling, especially if you throw in your fortune with a



A PACK OF BEAGLES ON A TABLE-CLOTH.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

Master whose pack consists of hounds standing sixteen inches high—the approved maximum for the beagle. Smaller hounds show equally good sport, and do not go so fast, whence their greater popularity among those who like to see a hare fairly hunted. The Berkhamstead pack, of which Mr. J. W. Pickin is Master, consists of beagles thirteen and a-half inches high, and these are quite big enough for anyone who wants to hunt as well as run. The beagle is a very ancient breed. Queen Elizabeth is said to have possessed a pack so small that any one of the hounds could be put into a lady's glove: a statement which inspires us with doubt concerning either the veracity of the chronicler or the size of ladies' hands in the days of the Virgin Queen. The very small breed, called the Dwarf, Toy, Sleeve, or Pocket Beagle, is seldom seen nowadays; indeed, a couple of years ago a well-known authority expressed his fear that the true Pocket Beagle, nine inches high, or even less, must soon become extinct in the absence of endeavour to perpetuate it. These hounds, though so small, are handsome, intelligent, and "keen" hunters; they are hardly big or strong enough to hunt a hare, but can render a good account of a rabbit in woodland. They are remarkable for the beauty of their voices, those of the smaller hounds particularly being very bright, clear, and silvery. The "singing beagles" of past times were no doubt small Pocket Beagles.

The hare would more frequently escape from the pack of thirteen or fourteen-inch beagles if she did not make the mistake of despising such pursuers; in the matter of speed pure and simple they have no chance with her, and she very soon finds this out. When hunted by barriers, whose pace requires a good horse to live with them, the hare knows better than to play any tricks. She goes away as fast as she can, and keeps on going until sheer fatigue bids her try stratagem instead of speed. With beagles her tactics are different. She hears the "music" of the pack, says to herself, we may suppose, "Pooh, beagles!"; and, leaving her forms, sprints gaily away for a few fields till she loses their voices in the distance, when she crouches or "squats." In due time the little hounds, faithfully following their noses, make themselves heard again. Alternate running and crouching soon makes our hare stiff, however, and, unless she is clever enough to dodge the pack by cunning, an hour's steady hunting may see her a victim.

SHALL WE REVIVE BIRTHDAY-BOOKS?

Why not revive the birthday-book which chronicled the *jours de naissance* of one's cousins and aunts and pet animals? It is more *intime* than the autograph-book. It is completely personal. It recalls pleasant intercourse and suggests the exchange of friendship. Charming memories cling around my little Tennyson birthday-book, and many are the well-known names in its pages. Each name recalls the personality of the writer, each smiles with the writer's smile, each echoes a kindly word. "Remember one who does not forget," said Mr. Orchardson gallantly, and many other pleasant words linger still. An odd episode is associated with the bold signature of Mrs. Scott Siddons. Many years ago, she was spending an evening with us, and the children of the house flocked around her with their books, eager for her name. Having written it several times, Mrs. Siddons turned to one of the older boys, saying, "And where is your book?" The answer rather disconcerted her, "I never have any *ladies' names* in my book." But Mrs. Siddons had her revenge in the end. On the occasion of her next tour she visited us again, and, on meeting the delinquent, she gave him a severe box on the ear, saying, "I have not forgotten you; you are the gentleman who does not care for ladies."

Then I remember also Sir John Millais' genial good-humour and readiness to please us, and John Bright's annoyance at the badness of the pens, and Professor Blackie's whimsical talk as he added his favourite text in Greek, "Speaking the truth in love." June, an appropriate month for artists, records the names of Mr. James Archer and Mr. James Guthrie, as well as of Millais; while May has a varied gathering of Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. James Bryce, Mr. John Hare, and Mr. Hall Caine. Mr. Harry Furniss has given—and he dashed it off in a moment—a marvellous likeness of the great "G. O. M.," so instinct with life that to-day it makes one sad, and Mrs. H. M. Stanley has added one of her favourite little animals, a squirrel. The great Dutch painter, Josef Israels, and his son, a rising young artist, have adorned their "sections" with characteristic sketches, and a composer has improvised a few bars. Nothing cramps genius, and even the microscopic dimensions of a birthday-book can be made large and full.

It is amusing to note how very apt the quotations often are, as when a leader of the Psychical Research Society has lines about "the spiritual city," or Sir Robert Ball (July 1) about "the lapse of moons," while the author of "Self-Help" is dubbed "A grave and staid God-fearing man."



BRINGING UP THE PACK.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

THE GOSSIP OF A NATURALIST.

The Natural History Museum authorities are to be congratulated on the New Whale-room which has been opened in the basement. The old room was a dreary vault of skeletons buried rather than displayed; the new one is beautifully lighted, and the "mounts" are a credit to the museum. Those who have seen stranded whales will be able to appreciate the truth to nature of the composition whales—on one side, that is to say. Entering the room, you see shining black bulks that might have come straight out of the sea, so cunningly have the skeletons on one side of their length been clothed in papier-maché on iron framework; on the other side you see the articulated bones left naked to furnish a lesson in whale-anatomy. Our old friend the sperm-whale skeleton, which for so long filled the middle of the great entrance-hall, has taken a fresh lease of exhibitionary life in a new half-suit of papier-maché, and the other two most prominent inhabitants of the room are a Biscayan Right whale—that quarry of great desire for the whale-bone with which Nature thoughtlessly furnished its vast mouth, and a sixty-nine-foot specimen of the common fin-whale, or rorqual, whose "baleen" lacks elasticity, and which therefore enjoys life without much apprehension from whalers.

I sincerely hope that the Treasury scheme of building, which, if carried out, would forbid any future extension of the Museum south of the Imperial Institute, will be stopped by the remonstrances which the leaders in science and art have addressed to Lord Salisbury. You must go behind the scenes to learn what immense numbers of specimens are hidden away in cupboard and drawer for want of space to show them. Few of the people who stroll through the galleries guess that the birds and animals exhibited form only a small proportion of the skins actually under the roof. Everyone whose work lies in the Museum, or who takes an interest in it, hopes that the premises will be extended, and more of these natural history treasures shown; but I fear they will have to go on hoping for a while yet.

I have been reading a most interesting "Bulletin," as the Americans call the Blue-books issued by the Forestry Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, on Forest Growth and Sheep-Grazing in Oregon. The connection between sheep and forestry is not obvious; but, as a matter of fact, the mutton and lumber industries are intimate and hostile. Some years ago the American Government created a Forest "Reserve" in the Cascade Mountains, a little coppice of about four and a-half millions of acres, or a trifle smaller than Yorkshire and County Durham together. Sheep-masters used to graze their flocks in this region, leading during the summer a delightful vagrant life, wandering from place to place daily in search of pastures new. Their camp-fires, however, had an expensive habit of spreading, whereby tens of thousands of acres of valuable timber were destroyed; also, the sheep-masters cherished the theory that burning the underwood was beneficial to the grass—a theory which in practice was quite as expensive. Wherefore the Government prohibited sheep-grazing in the Reserve, and the gentle shepherds, who settle their differences with the ready Winchester, ignored the prohibition and got into trouble. Then the sheep industry arose and made protest, and the result was an inspection of the district by a Forests Officer, who has embodied his experiences in a "Bulletin" which is one of the most readable accounts of woodland life that I have read.

Ireland has recently discovered herself to be the proud possessor of an animal which is exclusively Irish; only a mouse, it is true, but then the smallest creatures have often the largest zoological interest. It appears that on the North Bull Sandbank in Dublin Bay, an islet about two and a-half miles long which began to appear above water during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, there dwells in large numbers a mouse so much paler in colour than the common house-mouse as to be a distinct variety with legitimate hopes of one day being recognised as a "sub-species." These mice are the descendants, it is supposed, of castaways, and have in about a century thus adapted their coats in colour to their sandy surroundings for protection against the owls and hawks which hunt over the island. The North Bull Sandbank mice are not all equally pale in colour, and the zoological interest of the discovery lies in the opportunity afforded science to ascertain in how many generations a complete change of colour for protective purposes is evolved. A long bridge connects the sandbank with the mainland, but, as this is an open woodwork structure, it is very unlikely that ordinary mice will intrude to disturb the progress of this natural experiment.

Mr. Arthur Turnbull, Hon. Secretary of the British Anti-Dubbing Association, writes to tell me that their movement in favour of the total abolition of dubbing game-fowl is making considerable progress. The organisers of a goodly number of poultry shows, notably, the British Farmers' Dairy Association, have followed the example of the Poultry Club, and now disqualify all birds exhibited whose comb, wattles, or ear-lobes are cut or trimmed. The Prince of Wales, through Sir Francis Knollys, has expressed his cordial approval of the step taken by the British Dairy Farmers, and hopes that all similar societies will adopt the same measure. For my part, I congratulate the British Anti-Dubbing Association on the fruit of their humane labours, and the several show authorities who have had the courage to make a rule which must be unpopular, for a time, among a section of their supporters. I will also congratulate myself on having tendered, in *The Sketch* of September 8 last, advice which has been taken.

AN ASTOR WHO IS FIGHTING SPAIN.

Colonel John Jacob Astor, who has equipped a battery at his own expense for the United States Government, is one of the "solid" men of New York, and has deep and far-reaching interests outside the mere pleasures of Society, which is unusual in an American with such vast wealth. Generally, an American millionaire likes to play with his new millions for his own personal pleasure, and turns to horse-racing, yachting, and collecting expensive art treasures; but Colonel John Jacob Astor is made of different stuff; he is accustomed to his millions, having been born to them, for he is of the fourth generation of millionaire Astors, and is worth to-day 150,000,000 dollars, or £30,000,000. The Astor residences in town and country are fine, stately mansions with every American and European luxury; he has his yacht, his horses, his marvellous art treasures, but he has found that other things are far more to a man's taste, and he has gone to Cuba to reinforce Shafter with his superbly equipped battery, which is perhaps the finest in the States and cost a pretty penny to prepare for its journey.

Colonel Astor has for several years been on the Military Staff of the Governor of New York, and has had a good deal to do with soldiering.



COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

Photo by Price, Washington.

He has entered into this fad of fitting out his battery with the greatest interest, and has spared no expense to make his men comfortable and well-trained.

Just what this venture has cost Colonel Astor no one as yet knows, for he does not care to make a parade of his good work; but it is known that no private individual has yet contributed such a vast sum as has Colonel Astor. He can well afford to do what he has done, but no other millionaire has followed his example. When the authorities called for large steam-yachts to be fitted up for the use of the Government, the Vanderbilts sold theirs at an enormous advance on what they cost, while Colonel Astor turned his superb yacht over to the Government free of charge, to be done with as the Government chose, but to be returned to him at the close of the war.

Colonel Astor is a great student, and has written several books, some on astronomy. He has a very beautiful wife, who was a reigning belle before he married her. He has one child, a son of eight years. Colonel Astor is a cousin of William Waldorf Astor, and he owns miles of houses and shops in New York—in fact, nearly all his vast fortune is invested in real estate, and he also owns the great Waldorf Astoria, the most elaborate and costly hotel in the world, and which is fitted up like a French palace.

The ancestor of Colonel Astor was John Jacob Astor, a trapper and fur-trader, who went about with the skins on his back in a pack trading them off. He was Low Dutch, ignorant and low, but he bought land which afterwards became the most valuable part of New York City, and which was the foundation of the Astor millions. The old trapper was the great-grandfather of Colonel Astor and William Waldorf Astor.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC FROM FIRST TO LAST.

THE REAL CYRANO.

Everybody, of course, knows that the hero of M. Rostand's play was a historical figure who really lived in Paris in the seventeenth century, in the days of Richelieu and Louis XIII. The real Cyrano was perhaps more of a bully than a hero, more notorious than famous. History tells



PORTRAIT OF CYRANO.
Reproduced from his Works.

of no instance of such an act of self-sacrifice as forms the basis of the play. M. Rostand has idealised his man, utilising certain incidents in his career, and building on what we know of his character.

Cyrano was born in 1620, and should be twenty years old when the play begins. He actually did belong to M. Carbon de Castel-Jaloux's Gascon Company in the Gardes, where his intrepidity in the duel gained him his sobriquet of the "démon delabravoure"—his biographer, by the way, offers as an excuse that this was the only road to distinction in that "deplorable time." The fight at the Pont de Nesle, the departure for which forms such a striking ending to the first act, really happened, and he actually put to flight his hundred men, assembled to insult a "camarade." His gallantry, his wit, his knowledge of the astronomy of Copernicus and the philosophy of Descartes, his poetical tastes and the abstraction which

enabled him to compose even on the field of battle—all these were there, and M. Rostand has faithfully combined them with the central quality, the rugged independence of his character, though, as a matter of history, this independence is rather dimmed by the fact that he broke, later in life, his resolve never to submit to a patron.

Some of the actual words which his hero speaks in the play are the words not of M. Rostand, but of M. Cyrano de Bergerac, culled from his writings. You remember the scene in which Cyrano, wishing to prevent de Guiche from entering the house, drops down in front of him from a tree and pretends that he is a man just returned to earth from a voyage to the moon. He keeps de Guiche interested by the fantastic descriptions of the six methods by which he proposed to reach the lunar world. One is to seat himself on a sheet of iron and throw a magnet again and again into the air, which will draw him up into the skies. Another is to lie on the sand at the edge of the sea and let the moon draw him up with the tides. All these follies are described by the real Cyrano in his "Histoire Comique des Etats et Empires de la Lune," a description of a sort of Utopia, really a satire on contemporary France. This, and two other satires of the same sort, the "Histoire Comique des Etats et Empires du Soleil" and the "Histoire des Oiseaux," are said to have been taken by Swift as a model for "Gulliver's Travels." They certainly abound in witty passages. One of the characters says that he believes in the revolution of the earth, not for the reasons given by Copernicus, but because the fires of hell are in the centre, and the damned, who try and climb as near the outside as possible to escape its heat, make it turn round as a squirrel turns its cage. In the Empire de la Lune, Cyrano finds that all the children are killed who are not gifted with large noses, because the inhabitants have observed for thirty centuries "qu'un grand nez est le signe d'un homme spirituel, courtois, affable, genereux, liberal, et que le petit est un signe du contraire."

For these three satires alone Cyrano de Bergerac would deserve to be not entirely forgotten among the writers of the seventeenth century. In addition to these, however, he wrote a number of "Lettres Diverses," full of wit and spirit, and two plays, one a tragedy, called "Agrippine," and another a comedy, called "Le Pédant Joué," from which Molière transferred two entire scenes to "Les Fourberies de Scapin," a plagiarism to which M. Rostand refers in his last act, when we learn from Ragueneau the patissier that the line "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?"—perhaps the most-quoted line in Molière—is not really Molière's, but Cyrano's. It occurs in the scene where the valet, Scapin, called Corbineli in Cyrano's original comedy, extorts money from the old father, Geronte, with a tale that it is to ransom his son from the Turks.

The "Lettres Diverses" bristle with epigrams. He writes to a coward, who has insulted him, that he does not intend to fight because he is afraid, and, much as he dislikes the accusation of being a fool, he would dislike still more to be accused of being defunct. To a man who refuses to lend him money, he says that he has no longer any right to refuse, that now he really owes him the full amount, for "the harm which I have done to my reputation by being seen publicly in your company is worth at least forty pistoles." To a lady, he gives as the reason why they

had had such a mild winter, that the sun, on seeing her, could not make up his mind to continue on his journey South; that if, formerly, the beauty of Clité had made him come down from the sky, her beauty was at least enough to make him turn aside from his path.

As regards his personal appearance, the portrait in his collected works would seem to show that the "make-up" of M. Coquelin has gone rather further than necessary in the direction of ugliness and nasal prominence. It may perhaps be argued, however, that the solicitude of de Bret, who collected and published his friend's works, would take care that the draughtsman should give him an outline slightly more classical than was warranted by nature. This much at least is true, that Cyrano, who could himself refer to the size of his nose with gaiety, felt any other's allusion to it with such sensitive resentment as to be a just ground for combat, and regarded its existence as his stumbling-block in every opportunity of life.

M. ROSTAND AS A BALLADE WRITER.

I should not wonder if "Cyrano de Bergerac" has the effect of reviving the art of some of the older French forms of verse, notably the ballade. Of late they have fallen out of fashion in this country, for I fancy Mr. Gleeson White's anthology in the Canterbury Poets sealed their doom. Let me attempt a ballade in praise of the ballade—

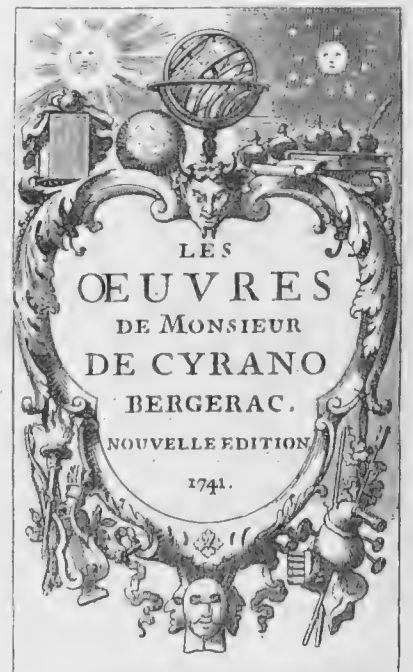
Pipe me a song of courtier France,
A gay ballade, a villanelle,
A scheme of rhyme-extravagance,
A fantasy of cap and bell.
The troubadours could sing it well;
'Twas half the art of every beau.
And still to-day they weave the spell—
Those brave ballades of Long Ago
A dance in fetters, yet a dance,
In which the light of foot excel:
'Twill tell a tale of love or lance,
'Twill storm a proud heart's citadel.
'Twill charm and cheer, and e'en compel
As all the motifs move and flow.
They hid a heart 'neath husk and shell,
Those brave ballades of Long Ago.
Fence, an you will, with King Romance,
And ne'er a form can hope to tell
With gallant gleam and subtle glance
How such and such a fighter fell;
How love is lost: or how to quell
A heart that's hard to overthrow.
And thus their echoes rise and swell,
Those brave ballades of Long Ago.

ENVOI.

Princeling, you will not grant an ell;
Your rules are all punctilio.
And yet what metres parallel
Those brave ballades of Long Ago?

THE NOSE OF CYRANO IN MODEL.

The most remarkable incident on the first night of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Lyceum was the irruption of a vendor of toys into the dress-circle. In one of the entr'actes, the audience suddenly heard a voice very like M. Coquelin's. They wondered for an instant whether it was part of the play that Cyrano should invite somebody to a duel in the auditorium. Then they saw a foreign-looking personage with a tray of boxes which contained indiarubber images of M. Coquelin's head and his famous nose! Everybody was speechless. Such an outrage on the proprieties of the Lyceum would have given Sir Henry Irving a worse fit than any he has in "The Bells," if he had heard of it as soon as it happened. The hawk disappeared from the dress-circle (perhaps upon a gentle hint) and made his way to the stalls. He did not venture to show himself, but his hand, with the hideous piece of grinning indiarubber, was thrust through a door. Really the directors of M. Coquelin's London season ought not to have allowed this exhibition. The Lyceum is not a penny gaff nor a circus. It was bad enough to have small boys shouting "Photographs" all over the theatre. The management ought to have understood that London playgoers were there to see M. Coquelin on the stage, and not to buy him in indiarubber and photography.



TITLE-PAGE OF HIS WORKS.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up : Wednesday, July 13, 9.11; Thursday, 9.10; Friday, 9.9; Saturday, 9.8; Sunday, 9.7; Monday, 9.5; Tuesday, 9.4.

"Her petticoat was yaller and her little cap was green," was quite true enough a year or two ago, but, as the cycle has gone East, the namesake of Theebaw's Queen has taken to the knicker. I begin with



THIS IS THE ONLY SIAMESE LADY WHO RIDES A BICYCLE.

Kipling because I have received this picture from Mr. Beckett, our Consul at Chiangmai, which is *via* Moulmein and is six hundred miles north of Bangkok. It shows the Siamese High Commissioner for the Lao States of Northern Siam and his wife. As yet she is the one and only Siamese lady who rides the wheel.

Friend "Ranger" of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic* is well known to be an authority upon most matters sporting and athletic, but the subject of cycling takes him out of his depth. He insinuates that cycling is doing much to lower the stamina of young England by making our young men and maidens indolent and sluggish. Walking tours, he says, have become a thing of the past since the now ubiquitous safety first made its appearance; in short, he would have us believe that the rising generation are too lazy to walk at all—that they ride bicycles anywhere and everywhere because they find cycling so much less tiring than pedestrianism.

But the reverse side of the picture reveals a very different state of things. How many men and women—young, middle-aged, and old men and women—now take exercise on bicycles, who, before the universal adoption of the safety, were fain to sit indoors, and who, being dwellers perhaps in great cities from year's end to year's end, were unable to obtain, all through the lovely spring-time and sultry summer, so much even as a glimpse of the country and the green fields? Then, to return once more to the class of whom my friend "Ranger" was thinking when he penned his remarks, have not they too, in reality, benefited by the introduction of the bicycle? How many hundreds of young people of wealth and leisure now annually make cycling tours during the summer through England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, who, if the cycle were still in its infancy, would at the present moment be loafing in London or in country houses, or at the seaside, or, perhaps, yachting in the Mediterranean? In any case, they would not be tramping across country, knapsack on back, or indulging in any sort of exercise one-half as health-giving as that obtained *à bicyclette*.

Sheen House appears to be the only fashionable cycling club that has steered clear of the financial cyclone which overtook so many similar establishments last year. The success of this institution is, no doubt, due in a great measure to its excellent organisation, also to the fact that the Committee have the courage of their convictions, and are not afraid of refusing to elect as members persons socially or otherwise unqualified. At present, the club seems to be in an almost aggressively prosperous condition, and long may it remain so. Bicycle-polo is now played there regularly, and though, of course, it is a slow game to watch by comparison with pony-polo, it affords the spectators more amusement than does the spectacle of some half-a-dozen doubled-up amateurs indulging in a epee-race round a tiny track. I need hardly add that the race-track at Sheen House is anything but a cramped one.

Certain local magistrates who have lately been imposing absurdly heavy fines on cyclists alleged by intelligent provincial constables to have been "scorching at awful speed" would do far better, and would earn the gratitude of the cycling public—now by far the larger section of the community—were they to sentence more severely the hair-brained boys who think it great fun to scatter tin-tacks and bits of glass on thoroughfares much frequented by cyclists. The Shrewsbury authorities set excellent example last week by fining an individual £4 9s. for placing tacks on a highway with a view to puncturing the tyres of passing cyclists—example which all sensible magistrates will remember.

An accident that might have been a very serious one occurred in the West of England last week. The rider, a lady, mounted on a machine fitted with a plain metal brake, was coasting down a long, steep hill, when suddenly the tyre exploded and collapsed and she was thrown violently to the ground. Upon the tyre being examined, it proved to have been badly burned by the shoe of the brake rendered hot by prolonged friction with the revolving indiarubber.

Sir Thomas Richardson, the member for the Hartlepoons, who is an ardent cyclist, has been opening the new premises of the Social Cycling Club at West Hartlepool.

This month's *Cornhill* contains some quaint aphorisms on cycling, of which the following is a specimen: "Three things are plagues to a wheelman, yea; and a fourth is abominable: a boy which leadeth an unruly horse, and a swine which strayeth in the road, and a rash woman among traffic which regardeth not the right hand or the left; but the most grievous is a County Council which scattereth heaps of stones in the highway and saith, 'It is well mended.'"

We heard some time ago that the Chinese had taken to cycling; I am only surprised that it has not been announced that they invented the bicycle more than two thousand years ago. The Chinese Consul states that the Celestials care not for a wheel unless it be adorned from head to foot with grotesque designs of storks, volcanoes, &c. We have not yet arrived at this stage of "art on the wheel" in this country, preferring generally to have our enamel unadorned. We are too modest to care to go a-wheeling on a machine suggestive of the Lord Mayor's Show. A contemporary, enlarging on this latest vagary of Chinese decoration, exclaims, "Better cheapest wheel of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Last year a German invented a sort of barrel-organ or musical-box attachment to a bicycle which ground out a tune with monotonous iteration as you rode. We know the Germans are a musical nation, and perhaps they may have loved to beguile the hours of a lonely ride with these harmonies of the wheel. Had I been compelled to ride one of these musical machines, I fancy I should before now have become an inmate of a lunatic asylum. But our Teutonic neighbours have the reputation of being practical as well as harmonious. Their latest invention is a sewing-machine attachment, whereby the anæmic seamstress, instead of wearily chanting the "Song of the Shirt," may career gaily along the roads while her bicycle is doing the stitching.

POLO.

Manipur is supposed to be the cradle of polo. Be that as it may, the Manipuris are splendid players. This group shows some of the players who played before the Prince of Wales at Calcutta years ago. One of them is well over seventy years of age. They equip their ponies in a curious way, with peculiar tea-tray arrangements at the sides, designed partly for protection and partly for making the ponies go. And they do go. The ponies are little bits of things about 11.1 or 11.2 hands, but they are very strong and hardy and keen for any amount of work. They are extraordinarily quick at turning, and the men make some



MANIPUR POLO-PLAYERS.

strokes that are really marvellous. For instance, a man going full gallop will very often throw the reins and hit the ball on the near side with both hands. The Manipuris have practically no rules as regards crossing, off-side, and the crooking of sticks. The goal is at each end of the ground, and whichever side scores eleven goals first wins. They sometimes play fifteen or twenty a side.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ATHLETICS.

In Matabeleland, as well as in London, the "Caledonian Society" bacillus flourishes. At Bulawayo, on May 30, the Caledonian Society held its first athletic meeting on the Queen's Ground. The function was entirely successful, the attendance being considered a record for Bulawayo, and when Bulawayo considers anything a record—well, you may be sure that thing is not small. Scotchmen came loyally decked in the garb of old Gaul, and the skirl of the pipes was not lacking to complete the amenities. Among the events, which were all keenly contested, there were some notable performances. D. F. Wood threw the hammer 83 feet, and thereby "took the cake," as they say (and do) up at Gwelo; A. G. Leach won the hurdle race in fine style; Emil Hupe captured both the long and the high jumps, and Wood was champion wrestler. D. Matheson played "Stumpy" so well on the pipes that he was adjudged "chief musician" (as the Psalms say), and W. M. Blackstock was first in the Highland Fling. Mrs. Anderson presented the prizes and was herself awarded three cheers.

RACING NOTES.

Sportsmen will be relieved to hear that Mr. Hwfa Williams is gradually getting the better of his recent illness. This gentleman shows such marked ability in the management of the Sandown Club that his presence is always looked for at the popular meetings held on the Esher slopes. The Eclipse Stakes, set for decision on Friday, should produce a good race. I hear Velasquez will make a better show than he did at Newmarket. At the same time, I do not think he can beat Goletta, who should capture this rich prize unless the French filly, La Chimère, is a smasher. The National Breeders' Produce Stakes, to be run on Saturday, is the richest two-year-old event of the year. Several dark youngsters will compete, but for the winner I shall choose Desmond, who showed grand form in defeating Eventail at Newmarket, to the chagrin of R. Marsh and his patrons.

I get pestered with letters from faddists who have systems that are probably infallible on paper, but which, when put to the test, fail lamentably. If the systems are so good as my correspondents want to make out, why do not they keep them and work them themselves? In my opinion, an unbeatable system for backing horses has yet to be discovered, and the man who first discovers it will make a big fortune. Following first favourites on the doubling-up principle may work for a

week or two, but the first long losing sequence swallows up the bank. Backing second favourites seemingly pays better than anything else, but here, again, the drawback comes in, as no bookmaker away from the course will lay them.

The near approach of Goodwood reminds us that the club enclosures at race meetings will soon lack the gay throngs seen out just now. Many of the Upper Ten finish race-going for the season at the end of the Sussex fortnight, though the enthusiasts show up at Doncaster and at the two back-end meetings held at Newmarket. The racing clubs taken all round are in a flourishing position just now, and the subscriptions must benefit the several companies interested. To start the season with the paid subscriptions from 3000 ten-guinea and 1000 five-guinea members ensures success, and this is what I am told falls to the lot of one of the Metropolitan meetings.

It is to be hoped that large entries will be received both for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, as these are without a doubt the two best races of the year that are run at Newmarket. Many of the knowing ones think that Robinson will capture the long-distance race with Laughing Girl, and the same trainer is very likely to go close for the Stewards' Cup with Mount Prospect. I should not be at all surprised to see Tod Sloan ride the winner of the Cambridgeshire, and it is more than likely he will have the mount on Voter, a horse that has not yet been seen to advantage in this country. Voter is said to be going on well in his work, and he should by now have become thoroughly acclimatised.

CAPTAIN COE.



THROWING THE HAMMER.

Photo by Smart, Bulawayo.

SWIMMING.

Oxford and Dublin have striven for mastery in swimming in the Irish capital, and Oxford prevailed in all events, namely, the Team Race, the 100 Yards Open Handicap, and the Water-Polo Match. But the Trinity College men made a plucky stand, and, considering that their club has been established only a few months, they did wonders. The Team Race was won by three-quarters the width of the baths; Tate, of Pembroke won the 100 Yards by two yards, J. E. Byrne being a good second, while Oxford won the Water-Polo by five goals to nil. With such a creditable start, Dublin may be expected to show some capital form next year. The competition was held at the Blackrock Baths.



Mr. White (Oxford capt.) Mr. Powell (Dublin capt.).

OXFORD AND DUBLIN UNIVERSITIES SWIMMING TEAMS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Regarding the Diary that has died, to paraphrase our only Anglo-Indian, I have long been of opinion, broadly speaking, that diaries are a mistake. They record one's ill-expressed emotions; they crystallise indelibly one's better-forgotten mistakes; and, if not that, are at least but a roll-call of frothy trivialities which five years after are found scarce worthy

other, I have never seen such unexampled sacrifices, not to say throwings away, of gay garments generally. Girls of my acquaintance, whose hardly wrung stipend from the paternal pocket averages £45 per annum or thereabouts, have dazzled mine eyes since ever July began with costumes of cost and chapeaux of price, and parasols built solely for "the millionaires," as Mr. Frankfort Moore has it, ravished at a "mere nothing" from the sales. "Is it worth coming up from Peterborough?" wrote me a demure country cousin whose lines are cast in a clerical, classical



AN EVENING CAPE.



A GARDEN-PARTY GOWN.

[Copyright.]

the trouble of turning a leaf to find the finish of a sentence. The Divorce Court truly has found the diary an occasional "A.D.C." of price and potency. But the woman—it is always a woman—who commits her gushing inner consciousness to the inevitable evidence of even a leather-bound, lock-clasped page must keep her goings and comings even as that Casta Diva whom the proverb teaches us to know emblematically as Caesar's wife.

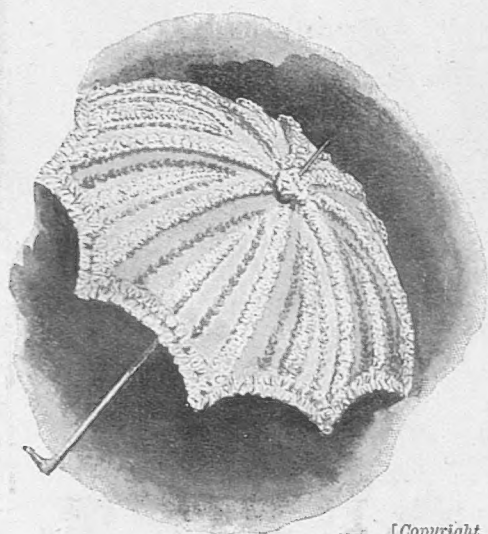
Meanwhile, the practical purpose of every woman with a spark of Mother Eve in her complex constitution is to lay up to herself stores from the present and passing opportunities of cheapness. Goodwood is looming and sales are booming, as our Silent Laureate might have sung were he ever given to the vanity of versification, and, whether it is a consequence of the late unparalleled damp, or that the tradespeople have made books as to who should most undersell the

Tripes society, but whose soul yearns after chiffons. "Is it worth coming from Pekin?" I answered, and, knowing my lucid style, she came. But what all a highly respectable and tea-drinking acquaintance will think of her very French "models" and quite rakishly gay hats, I marvel to think. Twenty-five pounds surely never accomplished so much before.

Henley, with the smallest show of house-boats I have ever seen, yet accomplished last week a well-dressed crowd. Some of the muslin frocks were more than successful. They were dreams, poems, cadences, lullabys—what you will—in colour and construction. One, which is here reproduced under the style and title of a Garden-Party Gown, exhibited itself at the Fawley Court luncheon-party, and had a well-won success. Nor was it so much the shot-green and white taffetas which composed it, but the manner of its workmanship, which at once proclaimed "Paquin," that won my fastidious fancy—a long and extremely tight-fitting skirt

that widened considerably below the hips in the usual "en forme" flounce of our present fast affections was trimmed around the edge with pleats headed by narrow guipure. The beautiful lace, which in this instance was ivory silk guipure, ran round the skirt in a wide band, narrow entre-deux to match overlaying the loosely fitting bodice. A large bow of the silk is tied at left shoulder, and a black mousseline sash, inlaid with lace, is fastened to the waist with an emerald buckle. Wheat-ears, poppies, and a Louis Quinze bow in black velvet adorn the shepherdess hat. Wheat-ears, which are, by the way, on every other smart Paris hat, at the moment are a sad though doubtless seasonable reminder that summer is riding for a fall and her fruit-laden successor *en route*. Already the cyclist's unlighted minutes grow shorter in the land, and the coal-merchant's "quotations" grow longer—certain signs both of the fading season which only looks in to nod and is gone before we can realise that it has been here.

Of course, it could not have been because Henley was on Tuesday that those ornamental young men in the Guards fixed that day too for their annual regatta! Still, the dates coincided, or collided, as you will, and, notwithstanding that big aquatic fixture farther up, Maidenhead had a superior, a numerous, and a well-dressed crowd of its own on the day in



[Copyright.]

SUNSHADE FOR THE CZARINA.

question. Naturally, one event was looked upon as smarter than the other, and, since to be smart is better than to be good or to be beautiful or to be happy, or any other state whatsoever, we some of us went to Maidenhead and were repaid by watching some of our country's unemployed defenders from the lawn, and in being entertained by others who all grow moustaches of undeniable fascination and have a pretty taste in iced drinks to boot. On Friday we went to see Kate Vaughan's Lady Teazle, and the grace with which she tripped through the part made me more than ever want to see her dance. A delightful opera-cloak came and sat in the stall before me as the second act began, and had any other actress than the poetess of long-skirted motion been in front I should have immediately transferred my attention. As it was, "this Mr. Sheridan," as the *Star* man in an immortal and scholarly (*sic*) criticism called him, and Mr. Nettlefold's admirable Joseph, held me closely till the curtain fell, when I set myself to absorbing the details of this coy little cloak, so evidently French, which is, therefore, set forth on the other page.

Long behind and curving up at sides, the ground of pink taffetas was embroidered in Louis Seize bows of pink coral beads and silver paillettes. Wide flounces of real point, together with others of pink mousseline-de-soie, bordered this cape of manifold attractions, while the neck-trimming resolved itself into an elaborate bouillonnée of the mousseline, which tied in front with a bow of black velvet. The dress beneath only peeped out now and then, as the cape was worn steadily through the performance, as befitted its merits; but it was no less worthy of remark, being of pale-pink poul-de-soie veiled with the last departure of recklessly extravagant fashion—painted mousseline-de-soie—long garlands of mauve wistaria and foliage making quite exquisite harmony with the pink of this well-equipped woman's general daintiness.

In Paris, since tight frocks have become the rule which outline the contour—may it be called?—so mercilessly, thin women have found that the addition of false hips assists them most satisfactorily to that consummation of good figure which they so devoutly desire. Accordingly, a great demand for these articles of "bijouterie et vertu" has arisen, penetrating to even our own highly developed West End, where the motto of "Nature unadorned, adorned the most," certainly no longer obtains. "Yet, what is one to do?" as an artificially assisted damsel declared in my presence some days since; "it must be rounded art or angular Nature, and of the two commend me to the former"—which, indeed, is monstrous wisdom on the lips of two-and-twenty.

Another instance of the improved conditions of life under certain aspects is provided by that excellent, efficient, and harmless cosmetic known as Rowlands' "Kalydor," which has been counteracting sunburn and freckles and complexion blemishes generally for many years with unqualified success from the faces of its votaries, and which has outlived so many rival aspirants to beauty-making by reason of its many virtues,

which poetical justice is just as it should be, for "Kalydor" is now acknowledged to be one of the inevitable accompaniments of every well-furnished toilette-table.

Irish lace, strange to relate, is having quite a vogue on the Continent, particularly in Paris and Vienna, where women admittedly spend more time and money on their clothes than anywhere else. At Countess Marie von Wallis's smart wedding in Vienna last week, nearly all the grand dames had flouncings, or capes, or zouaves, or Irish point adorning their gorgeous garments, which fact should at least give a fillip to this too-little-exploited industry.

I was unfeignedly sorry the other day at Henley that scarlet parasols are out of fashion. They make such a pretty show on the river and lawn. Many of the airy, fairy chiffonnée type present were decidedly charming, but I like the workmanlike shot-silk best, with their elaborate jewel-inlaid handles. One lately sent to the Czarina was white silk overlaid with small ruchings of yellow point d'esprit, and lined with mousseline-de-soie in palest pink. The enamelled handle was a drake's head in natural colouring with diamond eyes. *Apropos des bottes*, this has been a season of much marrying, and the imposition of presents has been extremely severe. A friend skilled in the small economies has, however, discovered that the application of a high Spanish comb inlaid with paste is always received with gratitude, and can be bought for little. Faulkner, of Paris Diamond fame, has, in fact, some quite lovely designs for a humble half-guinea and upwards, so that while the fashion still rages one has here a cheap and charming opportunity of meeting one's social rates and taxes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELAINE.—For the dust-cloak you cannot do better than Peter Robinson's sale, and for your other query the Bergère Louis Seize hat is one of the latest shapes. It has a flat, wide brim, and is tilted with a cache-peigne. Quite the shape for autumn in the country.

M. J. (Cheltenham).—(1) Sailor-hats have gone out more or less. But you can get smart ribbon-trimmed chapeaux for your girls from Alice Riley, of Hanover Street, quite inexpensively. (2) Take some "Sparklets." They are a boon to picnickers, and aerate wine as well as water instantaneously.

SOCIETY ABROAD.

With the Grand Prix smart Parisians count the season over, and straightway repair to their country houses, where carefully chosen house-parties beguile the summer days with much junketing and merriment. Prince and Princesse Joachim Murat, always celebrated for their hospitality, gave some splendidly done afternoon theatricals last week at their Château de Rocquencourt. The theatre stands in the park, and the stage, garlanded with roses, was a charming sight. Following the performance a dinner-party to one hundred and sixty guests, little tables to take six at each being dotted about the lawn and lovely gardens. All the neighbouring great families were represented, needless to add, and among the convives were the Duc de Brissac, the Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, the Duc and Duchesse de Noailles, the Duc and Duchesse d'Uzes, the pretty Comtesse Edmond de Pourtales, Comte and Comtesse Louis de Montesquion, Comte and Comtesse de Pracomtal, that excellent sportsman, Prince de Poix, and the Princesse, Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, the Duc de Rohan, the Marquis du Lau, Marquis and Marquise de Loys-Chaudieu, Marquis and Marquise de Ludre, and many other owners of historic names and acres as well. It was a beautiful evening, and the diners remained late out of doors, a "moonlight midnight" seconding Prince Joachim Murat's hospitable efforts to detain his guests.

The week's sensation at Vienna has been the Emperor's visit to the Jubilee Meeting in the Park shooting-grounds. Prizes for successful sportsmen were shown in the pavilion, where the Ladies' Committee, numbering, as it does, members of the highest families, had its headquarters. No doubt could remain in the mind of anyone present that Viennese women can dress well, for here they not alone supported their reputation for beauty and graceful figure, but were undoubtedly extremely well-equipped as well. The Hereditary Princess zu Schwarzenberg, an exceedingly handsome brunette, wore peach-coloured silk draped with white mousseline and real black Brussels lace, her large black hat bearing a posy of pink roses. Her mother, the Princess Trauttmansdorf, is wonderfully young-looking, and came in dark-blue foulard, the white chiffon covered with black lace. Countess Mirbach, a dainty figure in ivory silk with pink velvet zouave, wore a white toque with a cluster of pink roses. One of the smartest gowns was that of Frau von Ilaas, a tiny check in scarlet and white silk, with revers and small zouave of Irish point. Her picture-hat of black straw was trimmed with cherries and black mousseline. Mrs. Wardrop, whose husband is Military Attaché to the English Embassy, looked well in white mousseline over white silk, with some lovely lace on bodice and skirt, her black picture-hat bearing a quantity of black feathers, which were caught in front with a large diamond buckle. The prizes for successful marksmen are mostly silver drinking-cups and punch-bowls, but others, which will not be less appreciated, are embroidered banners, on which the legend "Kaiser Jubiläum Ehren-gaben der Frauen und Mädchen Wiens" is worked, while hidden in the folds of each are fifty bright new florins.

The Crown Princess Stephanie, who has been rather quiet since her recovery, gave a very smart breakfast at the Laxenburg Palace in Vienna some days since. Afterwards in the gardens some tennis matches were arranged by Princess Stephanie, who is an enthusiastic player. Baron Brunicki and Count Korreth, both of whom are known in London society, were among the guests.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on July 26.

THE INDIAN LOAN.

In very truth the mighty are fallen, when the Indian Government offers a 2½ per cent. loan at a minimum of 86. Only two years ago, two millions and a-half of a similar issue were absorbed at an average price of £103. The genuine investor does not take to this 2½ per cent. loan business, and there can be no doubt that the last two Indian loans are very much in pawn to this day. Even English Corporations cannot get the public to take their 2½ per cent. issues, and surely anyone who realises the true inwardness of the financial position would far rather hold Leeds or Liverpool stock than that of the hard-pressed Government of India. Over the last two loans the financial houses and syndicates who have handled the bulk of the stock have lost large sums, and it looks as if the minimum were put very low this time on purpose to give them a chance of recouping themselves. The bulk of the £6,000,000 now offered will probably go at about 88½ to 88¾, at which figures our readers would probably make money out of a tender.

YANKEES.

"It was a famous victory," but, considering that Wall Street had discounted it at least six weeks beforehand, the effect of the Battle of Santiago upon Yankee Rails was very slight. London went for a strong upward movement, and, as usual, got left in the cart, those who rushed in to buy upon victory news being readily and thankfully supplied by the other side, which bought its stock long ago. Prices in the American Market are in most cases well over the average between top and bottom during the year. To take a few examples, the following table shows the highest and lowest touched this year, and to-day's opening quotations—

Railroad.	Highest.	Lowest.	July 8.
Atchison Shares	14½	10½	13½
" Pref.	35½	23½	35½
Chicago and Milwaukee ...	105	85½	103½
Denver Pref.	54½	41½	52½
Erie	16½	11½	14
" First Pref.	44½	29½	37½
New York Central	122½	108½	122½
Louisville	62½	45½	56
Ontario	19½	13½	15½
Canadian Pacific	92½	74	86½

Canadas are included in the list because the Yankee Market in Shorter's Court has always appropriated them to itself, and their

wires often move in sympathy with the springs of Louisville and Milwaukee.

Dark as is the way of the speculator in Yankees at the best of times, the present is one of more than ordinary difficulty for profitable path-finding. Supposing that peace is concluded, what then? What practical difference has the war made to the railroads at all? Prices went spinning down before the great naval handicap began, and, when the formal declaration of war broke out, they immediately recovered upon prospects of a few weeks' hostilities being sufficient to wipe the Spaniards off the face of the other main.

The Southern and



MR. G. D. ATKIN.

Photo by Passingham, Brighton.

Louisville Railroad Companies are almost the only ones which have been affected, the little toy army of the Americans having to be transported to Tampa, but the remaining lines cannot be said to have had any hand at all in the war. Upon the harvest and the rate-war the eyes of Wall Street are fixed, and, if an unexpected dividend or two should come along to add to the bountifulness of the crop-traffics, we should not be surprised to see another autumn rise engineered when Wall Street returns to town and the heat-waves subside. London seems to have given up all idea of ever taking the responsibility of an initiative of its own, and follows New York with lamb-like docility, so it is to "the other side" that the speculative investor must look for his friendly lead. The Yankee Market here cannot really be bothered with business during its favourite Henley week, especially as it had its own representative, Mr. Gold, to look after in his praiseworthy attempt to uphold the Stock Exchange position at Henley that has only recently been vacated by the famous House-men, Messrs. Guy and Vivian Nickalls.

GAS AND ELECTRICITY.

Holders of Gas stocks who refrained from throwing their investments on the market during the temporary flutter caused only a few weeks

back by the Electric-lighting flare-up, must be congratulating themselves upon their prudence. Of course, there was—and is—no need for immediate alarm by reason of the electric-lighting competition, and the latter has had a markedly beneficial effect, so far as the public is concerned, since it has even awakened the antiquated Gas-Light and Coke Company to seek fresh fields for the use and usage of the old illuminant. The Electric-lighting Companies have practically their name to make even yet, and it is only to be expected that troubles will arise, quite as important as the competition by vestries, before anything like a broad market is established for the various shares in the Stock Exchange. At present, the industry is almost monopolised by the genial Mr. G. D. Atkin, whose brown beard and gold-rimmed eye-glasses are so well known in the House. Mr. Atkin is renowned for his famous encounter with burglars at Muswell Hill, when he was shot and wounded, although his injuries did not long deprive the Stock Exchange of his popular personality. The "Torn Bonds Committee" of the House found an energetic member in Mr. Atkin, who is consequently looked upon as an authority in cases of mutilated bonds, an experience extremely useful to him when acting in his other capacity as the "Shop" in Royal Sardinian Railway shares. We hope that Mr. Atkin's photograph will prove only the first of an interesting series of well-known faces in the House.

RHODESIA.

Our correspondent's second letter from Charterland appears below. It will be satisfactory to many of our readers to learn that there is something like a certainty of returns from several mines before the end of the year.

MINING IN MATABELELAND.

The critics have often urged that mining work in Matabeleland has very little to show for the time the country has been occupied, but the critics have at last been silenced, for the day after I arrived at Bulawayo a three-stamp mill commenced to win gold on the bank of a stream ten miles from town. It was a novelty—positively the first battery set to work in Matabeleland—and after the toy had been at work intermittently for three or four days, and had got through a couple of tons of quartz, the local journalist, with a touch of real pathos, declared, in the *Matabele Times*, that the plates were looking remarkably well! The townspeople heaved a sigh of relief, for the situation was saved. Mr. Chaunier's three-stamp mill had proved the existence of gold in Matabeleland, and Mr. Labouchere was ruled out of court.

Seriously, however, the commercial value of the reefs of Matabeleland is about to be put to the practical test, and, from what I have seen of the country, I do not doubt that the test is going to establish the fact that a certain proportion of the mines in the country will pay—some may even pay handsomely. Instead of having only a three-stamp battery to wax pathetic over, the local journalist before the year is out will have to coin phrases as best he may about the plates of some six different mills running on a commercial scale, and I look forward to some very tall writing in the Bulawayo Press about the time the first "clean up" takes place. I already hear even the sane and sober *Bulawayo Chronicle* shrieking for the decapitation of Mr. Labouchere at the very least. The boys at the Club will have a high old time, and the pioneers who fought and bled for the country will be much in evidence—likewise their scars.

But the gold has not been removed to the bank yet; it is still in the rock, and after the six batteries have started winning it the Home investor will want to be satisfied as to how many of the mines are going to pay, and pay steadily. This is really the vital point. The Geelong, which will start 20 stamps in August, may show highly satisfactory results—for a time. But the Geelong, which has unquestionably some very rich ore, is not going to prove the whole country, and I misjudge the temper of the Home investor very much if he is going to chuck a few millions of his spare capital into Rhodesia merely because the Geelong is able to show 15 or 20 dwt. from the plates for the first few months' crushing.

The country will really be on probation for a much longer period than the good folks of Bulawayo imagine. They are firmly persuaded that the first good output from the Geelong is going to turn the scale in their favour, but in this idea they will certainly be mistaken. Other mines to start crushing shortly are the Tebekwe (Selukwe Company), Globe and Phoenix, Dunraven, and Bonsor, the last two being offshoots of Willoughby's Consolidated. When these mines have been crushing steadily for a few months, the investor will have some positive data to go upon, but for the present he will be well advised to suspend his judgment as to the payability of the great majority of Rhodesian mines.

Before going into details in subsequent letters, I should like now to offer a few general remarks on Rhodesian mining. While there are some properties in the country already proved to carry rich shoots which ought to pay from the start, the indications point to a great majority of the mines having a struggle with the rate of costs likely to rule here.

There can be no question of many of the reefs already opened being true fissure veins. They have the usual characteristics, and the evidence so far points to their permanence. They will, of course, pinch and make, as miners say, and pinch again; but I can see no reason why a certain proportion of the mines on the various gold belts of the country should not turn out genuine payable propositions with good management and a low rate of costs. It is a mistake to suppose that the ancients, whose work the miners of to-day have merely resumed, exhausted all the payable rock.

In some cases the "old-timers" have left off, through some unexplained cause, in a rich shoot assaying ounces to the ton, and in very many instances where development has been pushed on to a level under the old workings the most satisfactory results have been obtained. Many instances of this have come under my notice.

There is no Rand in this country, however. What we are likely to see within the next few years is a number of small batteries set up in each of the different gold-belts. Some of these will yield profits, a larger number will give no return to the investor. It is essentially a country of small batteries, speaking generally. For this reason costs will, as a rule, be high. Mining men here are very sanguine that they will be able to work as cheaply as on the Rand, but this is not the case at present.

The cost of driving, for example, is abnormally high. One experienced engineer, whose veracity is undoubted, assures me that the rate of driving, when all charges are honestly included, works out on some properties at £5 and £6 per foot. A rate of from 60s. to 70s. is quite common. This is partly explained by the hardness of the rock, but I am afraid the inefficiency of the labour, white as well as black, has something to do with the excessive rate of charges in this country. Probably a further reason is that much of the work is done by contract, and there is not sufficient competition among contractors to lower prices to something like a reasonable level.

These are, however, just the sort of details which managers in this country

will have to give more attention to if the investor is to be induced to sink money in the country. Black labour is cheaper than on the Rand, and it has been quite plentiful since the dry season set in; dynamite is selling at 47s. 6d. per case, as compared with 75s. on the Rand (thanks to the Boer monopoly); mining timber is cheap, there being abundance of excellent native timber in the country, and foodstuffs are little dearer than in the Transvaal. But the only fuel available as yet is firewood from the bush; and probably mining in Rhodesia, taking it as a whole, will not be a success until the Tuli coalfields, or those near the Zambesi, are connected with the gold belts by lines of light railways.

ARGENTINES.

Years and years ago there used to be a free market in "Argentine things," as Mr. "Slogger" Williams calls the stocks of the Silver Republic. Nowadays, when a broker wants to deal in anything outside the Funding or Waterworks Loans, he is told that there is no market for anything Argentine, and must submit to wide prices if he should obtain an order. The principal "bull" horn for a long time past has been the pre-dating of interest payments by twelve months, while the "bears" on the other horn vigorously talk of Chili comfort on the Republic's borders, and another possible war, without which all South American States seem to consider life unworthy living. The gold premium forms the daily rallying point for both parties, and, as this is rattled up and down in Buenos Ayres to suit the speculators on the Bolsa there, it can hardly be said the Argentine securities present any special attraction for the investor here. But that the unsettled conditions now prevalent will calm down in time seems probable enough, although a prospective purchaser may get his stock cheaper later on. The great difficulty in deciding this knotty point centres round those coupons. If the Government can pay its way without resorting to any of that miserable *haute finance* for which the Argentine Republic has earned such an unenviable reputation, all credit is due to it for the rehabilitation of its national honour by paying its creditors in sterling before it actually need. But if a fresh loan has to be raised, and Peter is robbed to pay Paul, far better would it be that the funding arrangement should run its course, and another twelve months' breathing-space allowed before the coupons are paid in gold. The year will be a prosperous one if the crops should come up to expectation and the locusts consent to spend their holidays elsewhere. Chili, as we have already noted, is a disquieting factor, and the gold premium acts as an incessant thorn in the side of every scheme for the well-being of the Argentine Republic, but present appearances seem to point to a time of steady prosperity. By carefully watching his opportunities, a judicious selector might very well mix a few Argentine Government bonds with other eggs in his basket at the present time.

THE TRUSTEES' CORPORATION REORGANISATION.

As we stated some weeks ago, an arrangement has been come to with the Founders, and the notices convening the necessary meetings of the holders of Founders' stock have been already sent out. The scheme amounts to buying the Founders' rights for the sum of £15,000 and using the forfeited Ordinary shares to carry out the deal. The terms are so favourable to the Corporation that, if the Founders agree to it, there can be no doubt the Ordinary shareholders will gladly give their consent. The leader of the opposition to the original proposals of the Board appears to be satisfied, and has issued a circular to his fellow-Founders, in which he sums up the advantages of the present proposals as follows—

1. That the Founders will get something tangible for their Founders' shares and let it forthwith.
2. That the Corporation will be freed from the incubus of Founders' shares, and the market for Ordinary will consequently steadily improve.
3. That the Trust in connection with the Founders' shares will be put an end to, and every holder of stock will get in his own hands whatever he is entitled to.
4. The Corporation will be placed in a position to distribute its annual revenue, without having to provide for past losses.

And, as the Board are also supporting the scheme, the ground seems cleared for a successful arrangement arrived at by mutual concessions. Neither party can claim to have got all its desires, and the plan, if carried out, will be one of those compromises which the strong common-sense of Englishmen makes possible, and which in this country work so successfully.

PROMOTIONS.

The amount of new companies in process of incubation is quite extraordinary, and it is clear that promoters expect the investing public will find money for nearly everything of the English Industrial kind. Tea Shops, Soda-Water Manufacturers, Provision Stores, Jewellery, and a host of other like concerns are getting their prospectuses drafted or trying to obtain the necessary underwriting of their shares, while everybody appears in a hurry to bring out his particular baby before the end of the month. We hear that a combination headed by Rawlins and Co. (which, next to Schweppe, is one of the largest Aerated Water concerns in the South of England) will be upon us in a few weeks, showing profits of about £35,000 a-year; that Hudson Brothers, Limited, whose provision-shops are so well known in London, is also coming out this month; that Nicholson's of St. Paul's Churchyard will come shortly, and that three or four more big concerns, whose names have been told us in confidence, are sure to see the light before the holidays.

MOUNT LYELL.

The *Investor's Review*, which is often well informed on such matters, says, referring to the fall which has taken place in the shares of this important company—

A story has been floating about the City to the effect that the Rothschilds had sent an expert out to report upon the mine, and that this report was satisfactory

enough to induce the firm and its satellites to enter upon a campaign of depression, so as to be able to buy in a controlling interest on advantageous terms. This story is denied, but it seems to be admitted that an emissary of the Rio Tinto Company did go out to sniff around, in order, so it is said, to find out how far the Mount Lyell was likely to prove a dangerous rival. Operators may believe this or any story they like. All that is certain is that persistent sales, both from Australia and on this side, have driven the price of the shares down to 8½, and that the market here appears to be for the time being demoralised.

We give what our contemporary says with great reserve, and meanwhile we should advise shareholders for the present not to throw away their shares.

ISSUES.

Cooper Cooper and Johnson, Limited.—This long-talked-of tea amalgamation is asking for public subscriptions to £250,000 5 per cent. Debenture stock, and also offering 150,000 6 per cent. Preference shares and 120,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. The two well-known wholesale and retail tea-businesses of Cooper Cooper and Co. and Johnson, Dodds, and Co. are to be joined to various tea and cocoa estates in Ceylon, and the valuations of the property to be acquired place the security for the debentures beyond the reach of doubt. We notice that the profits are certified at £42,699, so that, unless the tea trade has a bad time, there should be no fear for the Preference dividend, or, indeed, for that matter, for that on the Ordinary shares either. We expect the issue will be largely over-subscribed, as the shares and debentures appear a fairly sound Industrial investment.

Hardebeck and Bornhardt, Limited.—Our opinion on this concern has been stated several times during the last few weeks, and we see no reason to alter the estimate we had previously formed. The future of the Ordinary shares appears to have been to some extent sacrificed to improve the Preference position, making the security for the latter of a very strong nature.

The London Steam Omnibus Company, Limited.—Mr. H. J. Lawson is again on the war-path, and we earnestly warn our readers against having anything to do with this his last baby. The motor industry has been cursed in this country by its connection with the man Lawson, and until it is freed from such an incubus no reasonable man will risk his money. As to the merits of the concern, anyone who has seen or heard the vile machines which make the Ealing Road not only hideous, but absolutely dangerous, will not require any warning, but the audacity with which this affair is launched with the absurd capital of £420,000 is worthy of the man Lawson. Those who have been his victims in Moore and Burgess, the New Beeston Cycle Company, the Great Horseless Carriage, the British Motor Syndicate, and a dozen other like concerns will appreciate the folly of subscribing to this affair.

Saturday, July 9, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

R. M.—We find we made a mistake about Leopoldina shares last week. We forgot the reorganisation in November of last year. From inquiries we have since made we do not consider the shares a promising investment.

ENGINEER.—(1) Your request for a prospectus has been attended to. (2) The first two people you name will pay if they lose. We do not know the third firm. All three are pretty sure to take care so to manipulate your account that there is little chance of your winning. (3) If you will only buy Dover "A" to the extent you can pay for, we think they are cheap.

LOVEY.—The name and address of the broker has been sent to you. We are sure you will find that he is far more satisfactory than any of the outside lot.

M. F.—(1) The Brewery is a good second-class one, but, in our opinion, considerably over-capitalised. We had shares, but have sold them. (2) The Dynamite concern is first-class, and we think may be held with safety.

J. T. R.—There is no virtue in any particular form of words. The promissory note must be written on paper stamped with a shilling *impressed* stamp, and might be drawn as follows: "I promise to pay J. T. R., at (here state address), the sum of ten pounds for value received on the 1st day of each month for ten months from the date hereof, the whole sum remaining payable to become due if I make default in any payment"; or you may take ten separate promissory notes, for ten pounds each, payable one, two, three, &c., months from date. If you are to get interest, add the sum to the amounts payable each month. You can, we think, buy the stamped paper at the post-office. The stamp required on £10 is twopence; if interest is added to each note, it will be threepence.

ANGLO-INDIAN.—We have a poor opinion of the prospects of the Gas Company. When they make a good mantle it is probably an infringement of existing patents, and when they don't infringe, the mantle is no good. The Welsbach chief patent is nearly out, and it is possible that in time your company may get a reasonable trade. We are no more hopeful than you.

F. P.—We advised the soap shares as a speculation because one of the directors was, we knew, buying at 11s. 6d. The same gentleman tells us that the concern is doing very well, and that the shares are better worth buying than ever. We can only repeat what we are told and give our authority.

BARNEY.—Your list is fairly good. We suggest for the £1000 that you spread your money over (1) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures, (2) Chadburn's 6 per cent. Pref. shares, (3) Gas Light and Coke "A" stock, (4) Northern Pacific 4 per cent. Prior Lien bonds, (5) some Electric Light shares, say Notting Hill or House-to-House.

P. P.—We consider 4 and 5 on your list speculative, and do not like 3 very much. See last answer.

B. E. E.—We consider the Russian stock fairly safe, but think you might do better.

T. W. E. C. H.—We have no information about this company except that, as you will probably remember, a serious question was raised over the amount of land acquired and the delay in the transfer. How this has been settled we do not know. It is not a venture in which we should like any of our own money.

BIRTHDAY.—1. This is a mere swindle. Give the shares away if you can find any fool to take them. 2. This mine has been a disappointment. We doubt if the ore will pay with the present cost of mining and milling. It is worth hanging on to. 3. We do not expect any good will come from this concern, but it has so much property that it might turn up trumps at any time. At present prices, we cannot see that it is worth while to sell.

H. G. M.—We have written to you.

NOTE.—We have done our best to send all correspondents a copy of the Hardebeck and Bornhardt prospectus. If by any chance anyone has been left out, we can only apologise for the mistake.